YANK

THE ARMY NEWSPAPER

5¢ By the men for the men in the service

JUNE 17, 1942

VOL. 1, NO. 1

F.D.R.: WHY WE FIGHT

See page 2

SPOILING FOR ACTION *U.S. gun battery in Australia ready for foe. "Let 'em come," they say, "we'll murder 'em."*

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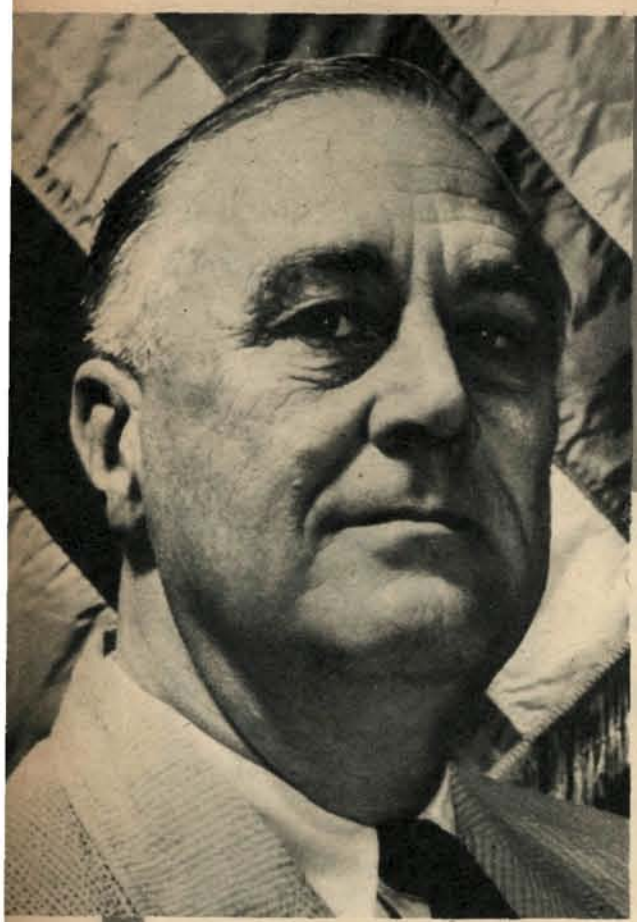

TO THE ARMED FORCES OF THE UNITED STATES

President Roosevelt Greets Fighting Men On All Fronts Through First YANK Issue, Calls Them 'Delegates of Freedom.'

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

May 28, 1942

To you fighting men of our armed forces overseas your Commander in Chief sends greetings in this, the first issue of your own newspaper.

In YANK you have established a publication which cannot be understood by your enemies. It is inconceivable to them that a soldier should be allowed to express his own thoughts, his ideas and his opinions. It is inconceivable to them that any soldiers -- or any citizens, for that matter -- should have any thoughts other than those dictated by their leaders.

But here is the evidence that you have your own ideas, and the intelligence and the humor and the freedom to express them. Every one of you has an individual mission in this war -- this greatest and most decisive of all wars. You are not only fighting for your country and your people -- you are, in the larger sense, delegates of freedom.

Upon you, and upon your comrades in arms of all the United Nations, depend the lives and liberties of all the human race. You bear with you the hopes of all the millions who have suffered under the oppression of the war lords of Germany and Japan. You bear with you the highest aspirations of mankind for a life of peace and decency under God.

All of you well know your own personal stakes in this war: your homes, your families, your free schools, your free churches, the thousand and one simple, homely little virtues which Americans fought to establish, and which Americans have fought to protect, and which Americans today are fighting to extend and perpetuate throughout this earth.

I hope that for you men of our armed forces this paper will be a link with your families and your friends. As your Commander in Chief, I look forward myself to reading YANK -- every issue of it -- from cover to cover.

Franklin D. Roosevelt

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More Money Now En Route

PROSPERITY AT LAST

WASHINGTON — The enlisted men of the Army are practically on higher pay right now. It's $50 a month for privates instead of $21, and substantial increases for grades and ratings, unless the President exercises his power of veto. The new pay, effective June 1, may reach you men at the June 30 pay call.

There are a few snarls to be ironed out yet by a Congressional committee but the big problems are solved, including the date the pay hike is effective.

Apprentice Navy seamen will receive the same $50 monthly base pay as Army's buck privates.

The Figures

Here is what a soldier, sailor, marine or coast guardsman will draw this month as compared with previous earnings:

	Present Pay	New Pay
Master sergeant, chief petty officer	$126	$138
First or technical sergeant, petty officer first class	84	114
Staff sergeant, petty officer 2nd class	72	96
Sergeant, petty officer 3rd class	60	78
Corporal, seaman 1st class	54	66
Private 1st class, seaman 2nd class	36	54
Private, apprentice seaman	30	50
Private, less than four months' service	21	50

With his $50 a month, the American buck private will rank second only to the Australian as the highest paid G.I. in the world. The Australian private draws $62.50; the Canadian, $30.00; German, $21.60; Mexican, $12.40; British, $12.20; Argentine, $4.76; Russian, $4.00; Brazilian, $2.80; Italian, $1.51; Turkish, 40 cents; Japanese, 30 cents; Chinese, 20 cents.

The new bill raises the pay of Army shavetails and Navy ensigns from $1,500 to $1,800 and nurses from $70-130 to $90-150. It increases the rental and subsistence allowances of officers in the higher grades.

Under the new bill, rental allowances for officers without dependents range from $45 monthly for second lieutenants and ensigns to $105 for colonels and naval captains. Correspondingly, the range for these same officers with dependents is $60 to $120.

Subsistence allowance ranges from 70 cents to $2.10 per day.

Under existing minimum pay scales in the Army, second lieutenants either with or without dependents receive $40 per month rental allowance and $18 per month subsistence. Colonels without dependents receive a minimum of $80 rental, $120 with dependents. Subsistence allowances are $18 minimum for colonels without dependents, $54 with dependents.

Delayed Three Months

A difference of opinion between House and Senate on how liberally to pay the fighting forces delayed final action on the bill for more than three months. It was first introduced March 4 in the Senate by Senator Johnson, Democrat, of Colorado, and called for a 100 per cent increase in privates' pay to $42 a month. In the House, however, Rep. Rankin of Mississippi offered an amendment to $50, which the Senate refused to accept in a joint conference committee. A compromise of $46 a month was reached after a long fight by Rep. Rankin to hold the pay at $50.

When the compromise was returned to the Senate for final approval last week, Senator Robert M. LaFollette of Wisconsin proposed that the Senate meet the House at $50 a month and this was approved June 9.

Meanwhile the House brought almost to final approval a bill which helps dependents of enlisted men. Now passed by both House and Senate and awaiting only adjustment of minor differences, the measure gives a soldier's dependent wife $50 a month, of which $22 is mandatorily deducted from the soldier's pay. The government kicks in the other $28. Each dependent child would receive $12 a month additional.

The same bill makes war risk insurance compulsory for U. S. fighting men. A $10,000 policy would cost you $3.50 a month from your pay, with Uncle Sam adding $3 from his own pocket to make up the $6.50 monthly premium.

Even in a South Seas island, it's the same old story—pay day means fresh paper, hard cash, and an old G.I. blanket. Must be too hot down there for this buck to stand at attention.

A SCREWBALL?

The 1942 Inventors' Exposition includes a round tank invented by E. P. Aghnides, who thinks it's an answer to a tankman's prayer. Built like a bowling ball with treads, it rights itself immediately after turning over. The occupants will spin around a little but, what the hell, tankmen are tough already, aren't they?

Flag Day

It happened one night at a port somewhere west of Suez.

British sailor tipsy. Goes in saloon. Meets three U. S. sailors. Limey slams U. S. Navy. Yankees buy him a drink. Limey slams U. S. Navy again. Yankees buy him another drink. Limey slams U. S. Navy third time. Yankees buy him third drink. . . . buy him tenth drink.

Limey passes out. Yankees sympathetic. Take him back to ship. Stop en route at tattoo shop. Limey still out.

Limey comes to. U. S. battleship on chest. Also red, white, and blue inscription, "God Bless America."

A Flaming Nightmare

Time was running out on Corregidor. Everyone knew the siege was nearly over. They had started to kill the horses; the meat was tough, but it was better than nothing. A man could fight on its nourishment, and fight well.

Out of the fortress' vaults the finance officers brought $100,000,000 in currency—useless paper. It couldn't be taken off the island, and it couldn't be left for the Japs. The only thing to do was to burn it.

Ten thousand dollar bills burn well. Around the fire stood silent soldiers, watching a fortune go up in smoke. A dirty-faced private stepped forward, picked up a $100 bill, turned it over and over in his hands. He put a cigarette in his mouth, bent and let the $100 touch the flames, then lit his cigarette from the blazing currency. "Always wanted to do that," he said.

Other soldiers followed him silently, doing the same thing. For once, money didn't matter much. Time was running out on Corregidor.

CABLE HOME AT 60¢ PER

Sixty-cent cables and microfilm mail are now available to American expeditionary forces.

A list of 103 fixed-test phrases, covering practically every situation in the life of a G.I., have been written. The sender may incoporate up to three of these texts in a cable or radiogram. Cost of the entire message will be 60 cents plus Federal tax, including address and signature. The ordinary cable rate is 20 to 40 cents a word.

Soldiers send the new Expeditionary Force Messages to the U.S. from Britain, Alaska, Newfoundland, Puerto Rico, Panama, Hawaii and the Caribbean. Plans may extend the service to Australia, New Caledonia, Egypt, India, China and Iceland.

Relatives and friends may send outbound E.F.M. cables and radiograms to you under the same conditions. Service overseas will be handled through central stations, with local deliveries and collections made by the Army Postal Service. The location of foreign posts to and from which messages are sent will not be indicated.

Very Expressive

The guy who prepared the 103 available texts didn't miss any tricks. If you get cleaned in a blackjack game, you need only go jawbone for sixty cents to wire home for seconds. If you need it quick for a Saturday night date with a blonde in Melbourne, you may group your phrases this way: "Urgent. Please send me ten dollars. Best wishes for a speedy return."

Or if you suspect that "Somebody Else Is Taking My Place," you can make a comeback with "No news of you for some time. Are you all right. Loves and kisses."

Light for Postmen

A new mail service, known as V-Mail, is now in operation between Army units in England and Northern Ireland and the United States. Mail is dispatched to a central station, censored and photographed on small rolls of microfilm. The British have used this system for some time.

The microfilm rolls are dispatched to America, where they are developed and photostatic copies made on special forms, which are sent through regular mail to the addressees.

V-Mail so far is handled only on a one-way basis between England, Northern Ireland and the United States, but it may soon be extended to U.S. armed forces in other parts of the world.

1 CCC Foot in Grave, Other Soon Follows

WASHINGTON—The Civilian Conservation Corps, known to two and a half million old grads as the C's, may soon come to an end.

An appropriation of $75,000,000 to operate 350 CCC camps, most of them on military reservations, has been turned down by the House of Representatives.

Unless the Senate restores these funds to the appropriation bill, the CCC is doomed next month.

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YES, Y'GOTTA FILE A RETURN

WASHINGTON—Like it or not, there's always the income tax.

The Treasury Department, queried this week by your YANK correspondent, gave out with answers to some pertinent questions about filing of returns by soldiers.

Each case which might cause serious worry to the taxpayer has a slightly different angle, but on the whole the idea is:

1. A soldier in the continental United States, meaning the 48 and D.C., has to file a return. That's final.

2. If outside continental U.S., filing is deferred until the fifteenth day of the third month of his return.

3. Any person in the military service may obtain deferment of income tax, due either now or in the future, until six months after the termination of his military service—if he has a valid cause. No interest can be charged on the amount due.

There's the Rub

Therein lies the clincher. The "valid cause" has to be proven. You've got to sell it to the Collector of Internal Revenue in your home state. The Treasury Department says to write the C. of I.R. back home, explaining the reason why deferment of payment is asked. It's up to him to rule on your case. If your reason is valid he'll grant deferment and you don't have to worry until six months after you are mustered out.

The law (Soldiers' and Sailors' Relief Act of 1940) reads very simply:

"Sec. 513. The collection from any person in the military service of any tax on the income of such person, whether falling due prior to or during his period of military service, shall be deferred for a period extending not more than six months after the termination of his period of military service if such person's ability to pay such tax is materially impaired by reason of such service. No interest on any amount of tax, collection of which is deferred for any period under this section, and no penalty for nonpayment of such amount during such period, shall accrue for such period of deferment by reason of such nonpayment."

Joe and His Dough

Joe Louis (now Cpl. Barrow) may be one guy who'll bless this little paragraph. Joe owes the government $117,000 in taxes on his ring earnings, and there's talk that he may not be allowed to fight for his own benefit anymore.

Now if he hasn't got $117,000 and isn't allowed to pick up some more coin, he's still out of danger. It seems safe to say that his "ability to pay such tax is materially impaired by reason of such service."

Less publicized but more important is the guy who earned a moderate salary in private life. He knew his folks weren't starving, but he knew too that a five or a ten slipped into a letter home would do a lot of good.

He couldn't legally claim anyone as a dependent, so he paid income tax on his full salary, minus legal deductions. Then he went into the Army still owing Uncle Sam part of the tax.

To him, this deferment means a breathing spell until he gets back in the civilian groove.

Seeing Double

The parlor "peep show" of the Gay Nineties has been resurrected to get vital information about enemy military objectives.

A contour-finder, similar in principle to the old-fashioned stereoscope which was the forerunner of modern motion pictures, now is used by U. S. military intelligence officers to locate enemy information from aerial photographs taken on reconnaissance flights.

Stereoscopic lenses of the contour-finder are focused until two tiny red dots engraved in each lens merge into a single floating dot. Apparently flat photographs are then shown in three-dimensional or model relief which produces an image of the terrain. By maneuvering the floating dot over objects such as hills, buildings and gun emplacements, measurements of their height and other dimensions can be obtained with the aid of a computing table.

Small enough to be carried in a soldier's kit, the contour-finder is expected to aid field operations by recording in aerial photographs data that would take G-2 officers many weeks to explore.

It's a Sour Apple Tree

We got a letter the other day from a smart little blonde in Canarsie who does occasional espionage work for us on the side, usually along the Gowanus Canal. She's pretty upset, and with good reason. Seems that all of the new popular music about the war is being slanted for civilians, especially for The Girl He Left Behind. The soldier doesn't fit into the deal, which is O.K. with us, but our Canarsie friend is beginning to wilt under the strain.

This doll (her name is Irma), who had a perfectly good male chum until his outfit went to Ireland, has always been a radio fan. During a recent blackout, as a matter of fact, she carried a portable radio into the bathroom and sat there, knitting in the dark, happy as a clam, while some Jersey station cooled her coccyx with a Back-From-The-Grave mellerdrammer. Now, however, she's really boined, as they say in Canarsie.

"I'm going to turn that damned radio off for the duration," she wrote. "All it plays is 'Don't Sit Under The Apple Tree With Anyone Else But Me.' I can't take it no longer. Every time it comes over the ether I see myself sitting with my head against the antimacassar, being true to a bum who's probably out drinking beer right now with some Killarney *schlemiel*. 'Begob,' she'll be saying, 'do yez love anybody but me, Joe?' 'Begob, I do not,' he'll be saying right back at her, and him slipping into the soft talk as though he'd never touched borscht in his life. The hell with the apple tree. Male men are so scarce around here there's nobody to sit under one with, anyway. And in the first place, there's only three apple trees in Canarsie, and they're just little small ones. It's time I tooken to drink."

Touched, and not a little upset, we checked up on the popular song business by the simple method of walking up to a naked jukebox with three nickels in our hand. The first nickel went into a number called "Three Little Sisters." These three tomatoes loved (a) a soldier, (b) a sailor, and (c) a Marine. Their boy friends went away, so they all sat around the gas works and read *True Story*. The second number was called "I Threw A Kiss In The Ocean," and it was about some poor nut on a convoy who looked down and saw his girl's face smiling at him from the waves. "I threw a kiss in the ocean," this ape said, "and it threw it right back to me." Salty kisses never appealed to us, so we went to the men's room when the number was about half played. When we came back we laid our last nickel on the nose of a tune called "The Jersey Bounce." It was a nice number, simple and loud. We're beginning to understand how things are in Canarsie.

Army May Drop Credit, Including PX and Barber

WASHINGTON—The Army has decided to find out whether charge accounts can be abolished for enlisted men.

Under a plan which will receive a test in the field soon, no more credit will be issued at Army Exchanges, barber shops, shoeshops and pool rooms. Object is two-fold: relieve the Army of a lot of paper work, and teach the soldier to budget his pay.

At present an enlisted man can get credit at Army Exchanges up to one-third of his pay, such debt being entered on the company collection sheet. Credit available for other facilities can be extended for another third of the soldier's pay.

Goddard, Chaplin Call It Quits

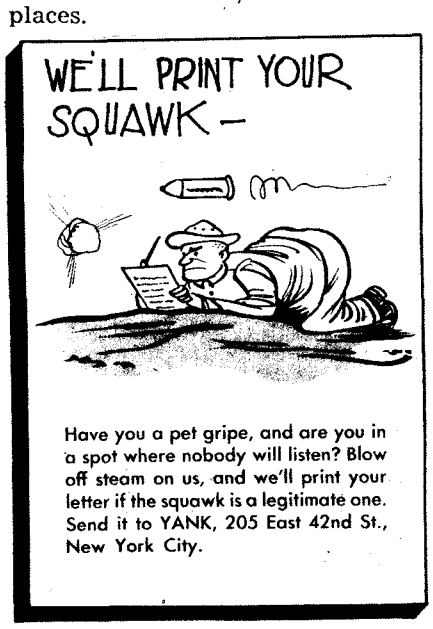
EL PASO, Tex.—The team of Charles Chaplin and Paulette Goddard, which for some years appeared in a successful skit entitled "Are We Married?" has reached the end of the circuit.

A civil court at Juarez, Mexico, granted Paulette a full-fledged divorce. The charges were incompatibility and separation of more than a year.

Chaplin and Paulette met in 1933 when she was a chorus cutie in Eddie Cantor's "Kid From Spain." The truth or falseness of their secret marriage kept the hearts of fainting fans palpitating for five years. Chaplin first called Paulette "my wife" at the premiere of "The Great Dictator" in 1940.

Did that cause confusion? It most certainly did cause confusion. Chaplin wouldn't give details. Movie reporters went crazy trying to find the details. But nobody found the details — not till last week.

During the divorce suit it became known that the two were married in 1936 in Canton, China. Of all places.



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R. G. HERBERT
Sergeant, Commandos

HARRY HOWARD
Artificer, Royal Navy

M. A. D. RIDDELL
F/Sgt., R.A.F.

D. N. HUNTLEY
F/Sgt., R.A.F.

Four Who Came Back

Non-Coms Tell How They Won Those Medals; Two Were With Commandos at St. Nazaire

The ballroom of the big hotel was crowded. Reporters and cameramen crowded around. Fifteen heroes, men of war who had earned a respite from battle and who were getting a king's welcome.

Ten of the heroes were British, five were American. The Americans were Ensign Donald F. Mason, who "Sighted sub, sank same"; Lt. Comdr. Harold Smith, who was master of the destroyer Stewart in the Bandoeing Strait, off Java; Lt. Eliot Vandevanter Jr., who raided the Japs on Luzon; Lt. William Carrithers, cited for special skill as a bomber navigator during attacks on Jap installations and troops; and 2d Lt. George Welch, who shot down four Jap planes at Pearl Harbor.

In a corner of the ballroom stood four British non-commissioned officers. Two were flight sergeants in the R.A.F., one was a petty officer in His Majesty's fleet, and one was a sergeant of Commandos. They were tired. There had been a parade that morning, and many ceremonies. They had just finished an elaborate luncheon and now they wanted to go somewhere and lie down. It was hard being a hero.

Flight Sergeant D. N. Huntley thought it was hard. Huntley is young and blond, from Salisbury, South Africa. Once he worked for an oil company, now he is the front gunner on a bomber. On his left breast he wears the ribbon of the Distinguished Conduct Medal. He got it for a little trip to Augsburg on a sunny morning. "It wasn't so much," he said. "I do that sort of thing quite often. Just happened that they liked the way I did it this time, I guess."

Huntley strafed a strip of Germany all the way from England to Augsburg. He had a wonderful time. "I get the most men when we fly low," he said, "and this time we flew 50 feet off the ground all the way. I really don't know how many I killed. It must have been plenty. Especially officers. I hate those Jerry officers."

Flight Sergeant Maxwell Alexander Dick Riddell gets 20 shillings a day, and is pretty pleased about it. He's from Hamilton, Lanarkshire, Scotland. Riddell has been on 81 separate operations, and has been wounded twice. A German pilot put two bullets in his arm over the Channel one day. "I didn't know it for about five minutes," he said. Riddell, a radio operator, has been in almost every important bombing. He was over Rostock and over Lubeck, and the Channel ports seem like home to him.

"A radio operator has a rum time of it," he said. "There he is, not knowing what's really going on, never sure but a bullet's going to nip him off through the fuselage. He has to sit tight and take it. Gets on a bloke's nerves sometimes."

A Commando has to be tough, and Sgt. R. G. Herbert is a tough baby. He looked very tough and out of place in the plush surroundings of the hotel. He's a thirsty guy, too, and while the reporters milled around him he lulled himself with a scotch and soda. Herbert is an old British Army man.

"I joined up in 1931," he said, "and stayed in till 1938. Then I got out and worked on the docks for awhile. A man likes a change now and again."

When the war began, Herbert got back into khaki. In January, 1941, he went to France, and he was with the Royal North Hampshires when they blew the Albert Canal to blazes in the fatal May of that year. "I was at Dunkirk, too," he said, "had two boats shot out from under me. When they started the Commandos I was one of the first to volunteer. A man likes a bit of action now and again."

Herbert has been on all the important Commando raids, but it was during a raid on Vaagso that he picked up the Distinguished Conduct Medal he wears. He got it for taking 17 prisoners single-handed. The way he tells it, though, it sounds easy.

"What happened," he said, "was that I chased this one Jerry into an air raid shelter, and when I went down after him I found he wasn't alone. There were 17 of them down there, and one officer with them. I started to say me prayers, meanwhile aiming me tommy gun where it would do the most good. Then the Jerries surrendered." He smiled, a trifle grimly. "You know, there are only 10 men left of the original 65 in my troop."

Sergeant Herbert looked pensively at his glass. "A man likes a bit of scotch now and again," he said.

John Bull might be personified in the square, smiling face of Chief Engine Room Artificer Harry Howard. He's not so young any more, but he's still game for a "good go," as he calls it. He was in on a good go last Spring at St. Nazaire, and he has the Distinguished Service Medal to show for it. Howard was on the destroyer that rammed the locks at St. Nazaire.

"It was on one of those jolly old tubs you gave us," he said. "The Buchanan. Saintly old ship, she was. We sent her down right where we wanted her, and she went down just right—quick and easy."

There were 84 men on the Buchanan when she left England, but only 24 returned from St. Nazaire. There were no officers among them.

"When we hit the shore," Howard said, "I was the only petty officer left, so I was in command. Those of us who could still walk fought our way along the shore until we struck one of our motor boats and hopped aboard. We had to fight our way with pistols and tommy guns, and the Jerries were thick as flies. There weren't so many of them left when we'd gone, though."

Before the St. Nazaire raid Howard was on a ship ferrying supplies to Tobruk in Libya when the Australians were under siege there. "That was a good go, too," he said.

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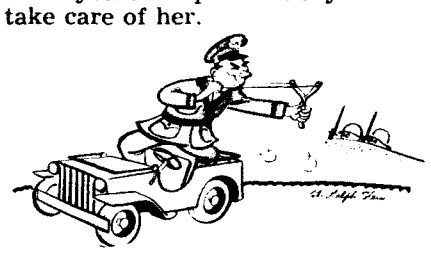
Around and about America

Remember Pearl Harbor

Where once stood the New York's World Fair, residents of Flushing Meadows Park and members of the Flushing Ridge Civic Association requested removal of the old Japanese Pavilion. Take it away or we'll tear it down piece by piece, they said. Park Commissioner Moses complied.

Yeah, Just Wait!

Antoinette Heim, who looked like a genteel little black-clad governess and said she was a cousin of Franz von Papen, almost ripped the roof off New York's General Sessions Court, where she was convicted of swindling German domestics of their life savings. Reviling officials and denouncing Jews, Fräulein Heim screamed, "Wait till Hitler comes over here! He'll take care of you!" Judge Owen W. Bowan replied that for the next three years the penitentiary would take care of her.

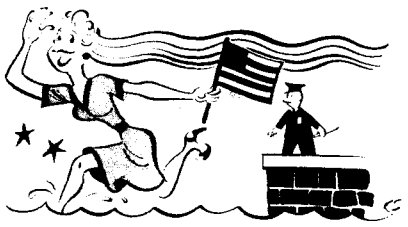


So Did Goliath

At Camp Shelby, Miss., a Maine infantry major was giving his men effective instruction in learning to duck from enemy observers. During such drills he toured the field in a jeep and popped away at exposed heads with a sling-shot.

Associate Justice Hugo Lafayette Black of the U. S. Supreme Court drove the wrong direction on a one-way thoroughfare. Fine: five dollars.

Patriotism was working on the night shift in Philadelphia this week. Miss Eileen Whitney, 24, was discharged from a hospital after being treated for submersion and alcoholism. Overcome by patriotic fervor, she had jumped into the Delaware River singing REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR.



Latrine Duty

In Los Angeles, a farmer named Sam Phillips appealed to the War Production Board for permission to buy a bathroom set. After working in a dirty chicken yard all day in the desert heat he felt entitled to a bath. Besides, he said, he wanted to get married and the lady had said he must have a bathroom.

Seven honor students at Pratt Institute in Brooklyn were given photographs of the bronze medals they would have received if there hadn't been a metal shortage. They were told that they will get the real awards eventually.

Not All in a Name

In Detroit, Adolph Hitler of Moscow, Mich., who first broke into print last February when he registered for the draft, made the headlines again. He was arrested by state police, who charged they found him spying on the Army Ferry Command at Wayne County Airport.

Learn to Fight Dirty

CHAMPAIGN, Ill.—Students at the University of Illinois may take a course called PEM 58 which is designed to teach prospective soldiers "how to fight dirty."

Use of the clenched fist is frowned on by the course's two mild-mannered instructors. "Hitting a clenched fist against a bony structure is a good way to break your knuckles," they teach. "Strike with the sharp, flat hand against the side of the neck or face. You can stun a man by hitting that way.

"Then, say you're sneaking up on a sentry. You jump on his back, reach both arms around his neck and shove a foot against the back of his knee. The impact is guaranteed to double him up like a jackknife and if you twist at the same time you'll sever his spinal cord."

The neatest and best trick of all, according to PEM 58, is to "go for his eyes if you get a chance. Gouge a man in the eye, that's the way."

The ten essentials of defense in dirty fighting are:

1. Get in the best possible physical condition and stay in condition.
2. In civil life, never initiate an attack regardless of provocation.
3. When facing an opponent intent on injuring you, allow him to show his hand first.
4. The counter-attack has greater possibility of success. Let him swing and then duck and strike under his guard.
5. When conditions are such that it is the only way out, take your opponent by surprise.
6. Fighting should be indulged in only for protection of self, family or nation.
7. The man who observes the rules of a gentleman when defending himself against an attack is using poor judgment.
8. If required to make a frontal attack, approach in such a way as to make your opponent lash out first—but it's better to get behind a foe if you can.
9. Remember your weak spots and your opponent's are the groin, solar plexis, neck, throat and chin.
10. If you can, gouge his eyes.

News From Home

RALEIGH, N. C.—Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy in World War I, wants all West Point cadets and Annapolis midshipmen in future to be chosen from the ranks, instead of being nominated by Congressmen, the President and by competitions.

LOS ANGELES — George D. Hauptmann, lumber company executive, ground his teeth in rage after an automobile collision and sued for $16,250 damages: loss of one tooth.

LOGANSPORT, Ind.—The combined civic clubs called off a big rally in honor of two Canadian Air Force heroes who told of shooting down 126 planes. They were in the county jail as impostors.

BROOKLYN — Andrew Derby, attorney for the Brooklyn Dodgers, promised to soften the sound of the organ which plays during games at Ebbets Field. A neighbor three blocks away complained about the noise.

NEW YORK — Brenda Diana Duff Frazier, former glamour girl and wife of John S. (Shipwreck) Kelly, attained to woman's estate. The estate: $1,400,00 in cash and a life interest in $2,500,000.

NASHVILLE, Tenn.—Don Calfee, 32, business manager of the Johnson City Press and Chronicle, who has traveled all over the U. S. and Canada, took his first train ride. Destination a state press convention in Nashville. Cost: price of the ticket and forfeiture of a $25 bet that he wouldn't ride a train before he was 35. Tire rationing and priorities on air travel left the train the only available conveyance.

CANTON, N. Y.—Malcolm MacDonald, United Kingdom High Commissioner to Canada, had automobile trouble on his way to Canton, where he was to receive an honorary degree at Lawrence University. The High Commissioner hitch-hiked the 15 miles from Ogdensburg.

WAYNE, Neb. — Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lutt returned to their farm to find their house burned. They had gone to town to buy matches.

COLUMBUS, Ohio—Gov. Bricker has appointed a commission to collect and preserve for future historians the records of Ohio's part in the present war.

NEW YORK—Myrna Loy went to the altar with John Hertz, Jr., advertising. Her second trip; first was with film producer Arthur Hornblow.

WASHINGTON — War Department announced perfection of a field unit to supply 4,000 men with daily bread ration. Sets up in an hour and a half.

DETROIT—Dick Reading, son of former Detroit mayor, was convicted of participation in a $30,000,000-a-year gambling racket.

BELCHERSTOWN, Mass.—Constance Carpenter of Springfield, a 16-year-old who had been missing for five days, was found alive in a swamp.

TRENTON, N. J. — Supreme Court ruled to allow Norman Lichtman the right to keep pigs on his farm. There are 85,000 pigs in the vicinity, records show.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—A strike of musicians failed to stall the Ringling Circus. The management carried on with a caliope.

TRENTON, N. J.—Two thousand strawberry pickers are needed for the New Jersey strawberry harvest.

LEWISTON, Me.—Erskine Caldwell, Jr., son of the author of "Tobacco Road," was inducted into the Marine Corps.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—A new plastic has been developed for tooth-filling which looks just as good as porcelain and feels like a real tooth.

INDIANAPOLIS—State officials were informed that naval officers assigned to the new battleship Indiana would appreciate a juke box instead of the silver table service usually given by the state for which a ship is named.

WEST DENNIS, Mass.—The airplane spotter who first sights an enemy plane over the Cape Cod area will receive $50 from Albert Gifford, a local resident.

NEW YORK — On eight hours' notice, the 321 square miles of New York City were completely blacked out in the first city-wide drill of the war. The result, said Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia, was "really beyond expectation."

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Some 300 business and professional men are working midnight shifts in war plants here after their regular day's work. The idea sprang spontaneously from men who wanted to do "more than I'm already doing to help win this war." Their night "wages" are turned over to war relief funds.

NEW YORK—Mme. Liliana Teruzzi, estranged Jewish wife of General Attilio Teruzzi, who organized Mussolini's Black Shirt Militia, has found a practical patriotic use for her seven languages. She works as a volunteer censor in the U. S. Post Office.

LEWISBURG, Pa. — M. L. Annenberg, Philadelphia publisher, was released on parole from the penitentiary because of illness. He had served 23 months of a three-year sentence in the largest individual income-tax case on record.

WASHINGTON—A new three-cent postage stamp, with the inscription "Win the War," will be issued July 4. Central motive: An American eagle with wings outstretched to form a large V.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn.—George W. Christians, leader of the Crusader White Shirts, was found guilty of sedition and faced a possible total of 80 years in prison and $40,000 fine. He was found guilty on two counts of attempting to foment rebellion and mutiny in the armed forces and two counts of attempting to discourage enlistments in the armed services.

LAGRANGE, Ga.—Lloyd Bradfeld, formerly of LaGrange and now in the Army, volunteered and reported to Ft. McPherson 25 years to the day that he reported for duty in the First World War at the same camp.

BATON ROUGE, La. — A bill passed unanimously by the Louisiana Senate would make it a crime to kill, wound or hold in possession living or dead racing pigeons which are used in wartime to carry messages.

CHICAGO—General forecasts of the wheat crop of 1942 indicate high yields to the acre for both Spring and Winter variety.

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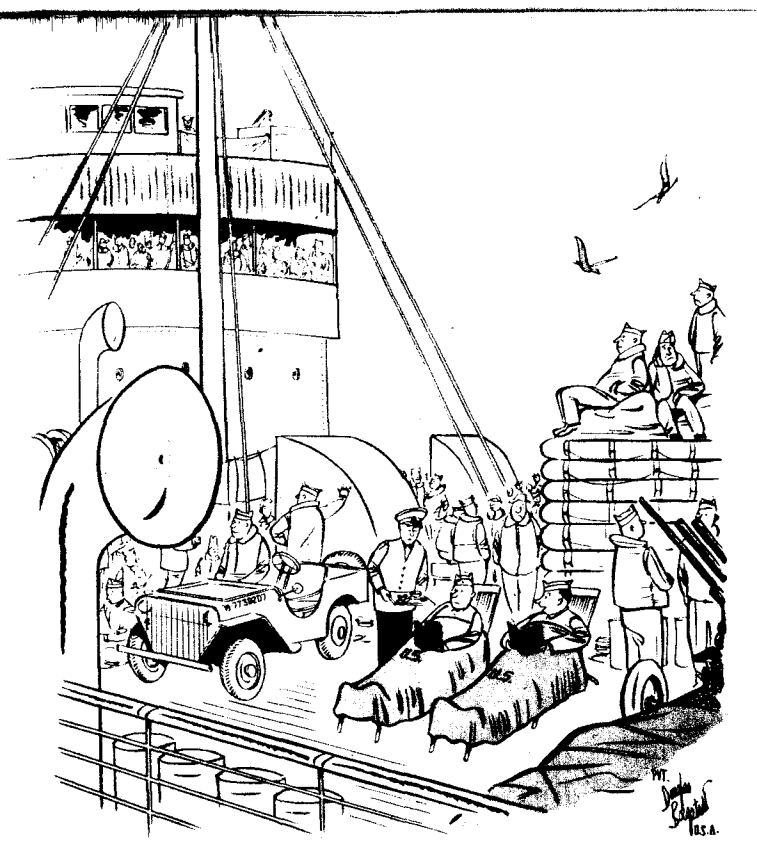
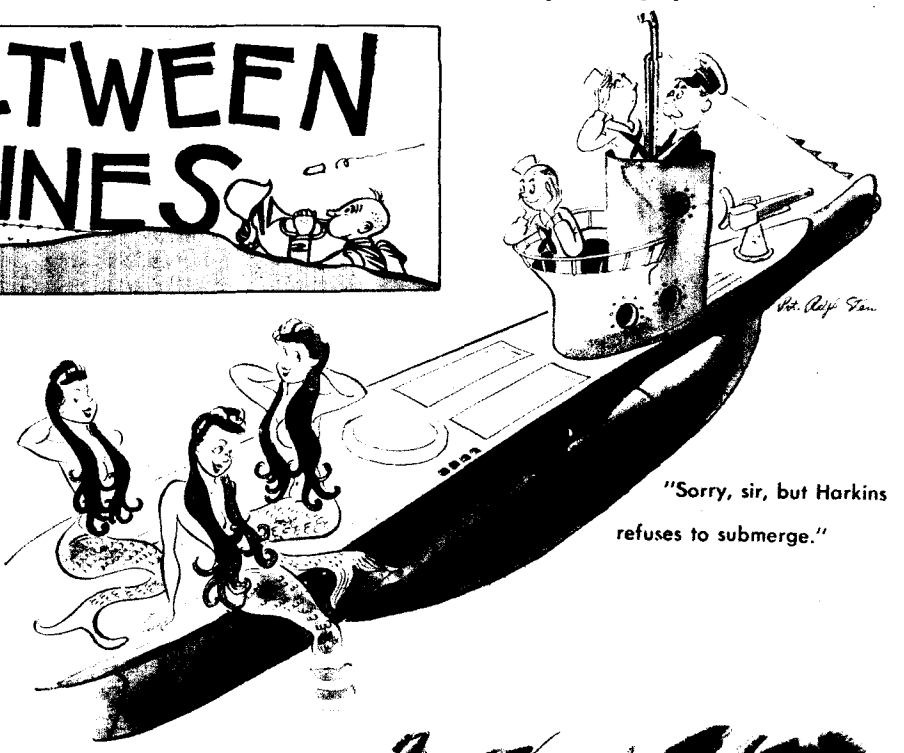
BETWEEN THE LINES



"Oh, some slip-up somewhere. I imagine we'll be back on regular rations in a day or two."



"Sorry, sir, but Harkins refuses to submerge."

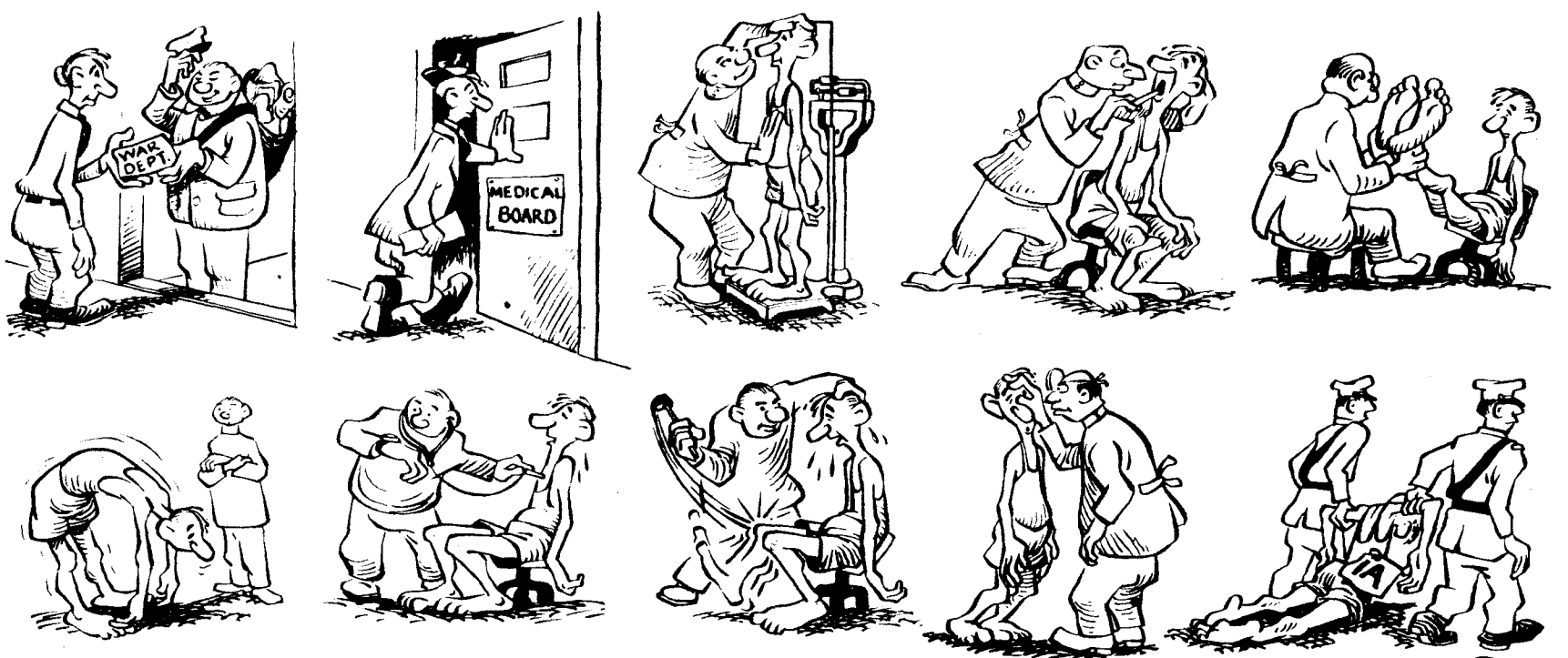
"They're from the Morale Office. They say nobody ever plans anything to cheer *them* up!"

"I'm his lawyer."

"Corporal of the guard! Post number Seven!"

THE SAD SACK

"THE PHYSICAL"



SGT. GEO. BAKER SIGNAL CORPS P.C.

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THE BITTER BAYONET OF COLONEL BIDDLE

Cold Steel!

Sixteen inches of steel at the end of a rifle can be a lease on life when "Assault Fire" comes and men fight hand-to-hand, no holds barred.

The bayonet is the last souvenir of days when men slugged it out with sword and battle-axe. Artillery and automatic weapons kill at a distance, chemicals sometimes inflict casualties days after first released.

There is nothing delicate or deceiving about a bayonet. Grooved for blood letting and cast for bitter service, it is a fearful weapon in the hands of a trained fighter.

It is the weapon of the individual soldier. It is vicious. And it is still important in warfare of tanks and mechanized equipment. Today we fight not in masses but in combat teams in which every man is a unit within himself.

The supposedly-expert Jap felt American steel burn on Bataan. Those same Japs have been accused by Chiang Kai-Shek's guerillas of refusing the challenge of man-to-man fight. But if the Jap's courage to face steel is questioned, his training in the weapon is not. He is drilled incessantly in its use.

British Commandos have developed the bayonet and a dozen variations of it. Their use of steel is as great as the German's aversion to it.

The long, thin blade of the Russian soldier has helped withstand Hitler on the Eastern Front.

The bayonet cannot and does not pretend to be more effective than fire power. But as long as there are armies there will be bayonets, because where there are armies men will come together in personal combat.

In that kind of fight steel wins.

From time immemorial, it has been the same. Caesar had his battle pikes, and what were they but bayonets when you come to think of it. In the Middle Ages, they had their swords, and swords slash like bayonets.

You know the part the bayonet played in the World War. The part it played in China.

By Pvt. Lloyd Shearer

A pot-bellied fellow with eagles on his shoulders and store teeth upstairs pointed his bayonetted Springfield toward a hard-boiled infantry regiment at Ft. Bragg.

"All right, now," he shouted, "kill me."

Nobody moved.

The chicken-claws pointed to the ranks.

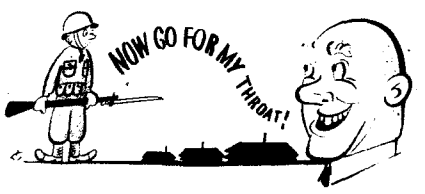
"You, come and get me." But the kid he singled out was scared.

"Dammit, I want you to cut my throat."

The Private made a half-hearted bayonet thrust.

Don't Be Yellow

"You're yellow," the Colonel yelled, prancing up and down in his black sneakers. "I want a man who's not afraid to kill. Step out, you there," he commanded a tough-looking 30-year-old sergeant. The buck stepped from the ranks.



"Now come running at me with your bayonet," he ordered, "and go for my throat."

The sergeant wet his lips. He clenched his gun and lunged full speed at the Colonel's neck.

Col. Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, who knows more about bayonets, knives and jiujitsu than any other man, parried the thrust with his own bayonet. Before the sergeant could mumble, "Holy smoke," Biddle had his own bayonet alongside the sergeant's throat, and the big buck was sweating.

"That's how it's done," the Colonel said. "Now let's all try it."

A Leatherneck

Ever since World War I in which he saw actual service on a half dozen fronts, Marine Corps Colonel Biddle, now 67, has been risking his Adam's Apple on behalf of recruit training. Loaned to the Army by the Marines, the former world's amateur heavyweight boxing champion has taught the fundamentals of in-fighting to parachutists at Lakehurst, raider battalions at Quantico, and thousands of camp trainees along the Eastern seaboard.

Of the scores of ambitious recruits who've tried to beat the old boy, either in jiujitsu, wrestling, boxing, or bayoneting, only one succeeded. A marine at Quantico supposedly got him in the groin with a knife. Thus far no one has been able to locate a witness to the event or find out the marine's name. Marine Headquarters says, "So far as we can determine, it never happened."

Biddle Is McCoy

The present crop of Army men he's trained swear by the Colonel. "Biddle is the real McCoy," they say. "In one hour this old guy teaches us more about bayonets and self-defense than we've learned in a whole year. He really knows how to kill. Some of us who've been in the artillery shooting shells five miles away never realized that death could be dished out to us six inches away."

And the colonel yelled: "Dammit, I want you to cut my throat." The colonel wasn't kidding either, because it'll be a long day from now when anybody can grab off the colonel with a bayonet. Why? The answer is on this page.

Private Joe Hill of Ft. Bragg, N. C., said: "I tried to get him myself today. You know what the old geezer did? He knocked the damn gun outa my hand. I think this Biddle is nuts."

"Nuts?" another yardbird asked.

"Yeah," Hill answered. "Look at him. He's a Philadelphia Biddle. He's got more money than you could shake a stick at. He's old enough to be our grandfather. And still he wantsa risk his neck. I tell you he's nuts. Only trouble with Army is that we ain't got more nuts just like him."

A Sentimental Cuss

At the other end of the pole, Biddle, despite his outward leatherneck hard-heartedness, is sentimental about his charges. "All the men in this new Army," he says, "are a great bunch of fellows, fine boys to teach."

"Do you find many of them gun-shy," we asked, "or reluctant to use a bayonet?"

Biddle reflected for a moment, closing his right eye. "Not many of them. They're not like Mussolini's soldiers. When I come across a man who looks as if he might hesitate to use the knife on the enemy, I tell him, 'Son, when you meet a Jap in battle, say to him real fast, "How is your dear old mother?" Then cut his throat.' "

"Does that help any?"

"Don't know exactly," replied the Colonel. "But it's good for their conscience... specially on Mother's Day."

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Men and Machines Put Hell on High

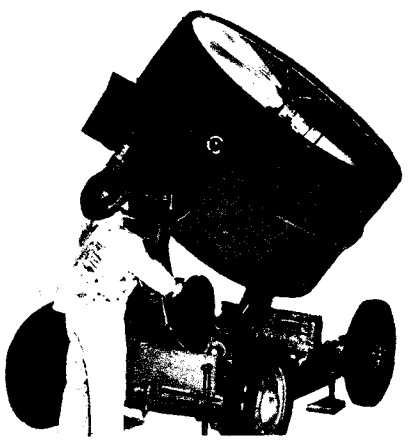
By Pvt. Leonard Rubin

Over London the anti-aircraft barrage was, and still is, a curtain of flame in the sky. In Australia, Panama, Iceland, Hawaii, and on both American coasts the snouts of the ack-acks poke into the sky. Most of them are virgin barrels, but they're ready for instant action.

Ack-acks may look simple, but they're touchy babies to shoot. Their crews need teamwork, courage, and strength.

Trained spotters pick out enemy ships trying to pull a sneak. They pick up a phone and bark an identification. "Enemy aircraft spotted. Height—10,000—12 ships—heading southeast." Other reports come in. The information center figures where the planes are from, where they're going, how fast they're flying. All this dope is relayed to anti-aircraft crews and fighter commands. If the raid is at night the searchlights get it, too.

Experts race to the guns. The mechanical "brains" start "thinking." The altitude crew sets its machine scanning the sky. What this instrument "sees" is flashed by electricity to the director, which aims the gun.



Eight hundred million candles probe the night. This baby can pick 'em out—and hold 'em.

From finder data the director picks up the plane and trains the gun for correct range. As the flying target moves the finder keeps the gun moving along with it.

All the brainwork is done for the gun crew. They ram 90 mm. shells into the breach and blaze away as soon as the plane is in range. Ack-ack fire is effective even at long distances. Exploding shells rock by impact — or flying shrapnel stings them.

Many shells scream out of the guns per minute — as long as the enemy is within range—and once the raider is out of "sight" the process starts again on any ships that may be following him.

When the "Jerries" or the "Little Yellow Bellies" hit low — under 5,000—rapid firing 50's and 37's get set. These smaller guns pester the low-flyers so they can't think enough about bombing or strafing to do their job. Arch enemies of these guns are the vaunted Stukas and Jap Zeros, both of which have licked wounds from American batteries.

Spears of Light

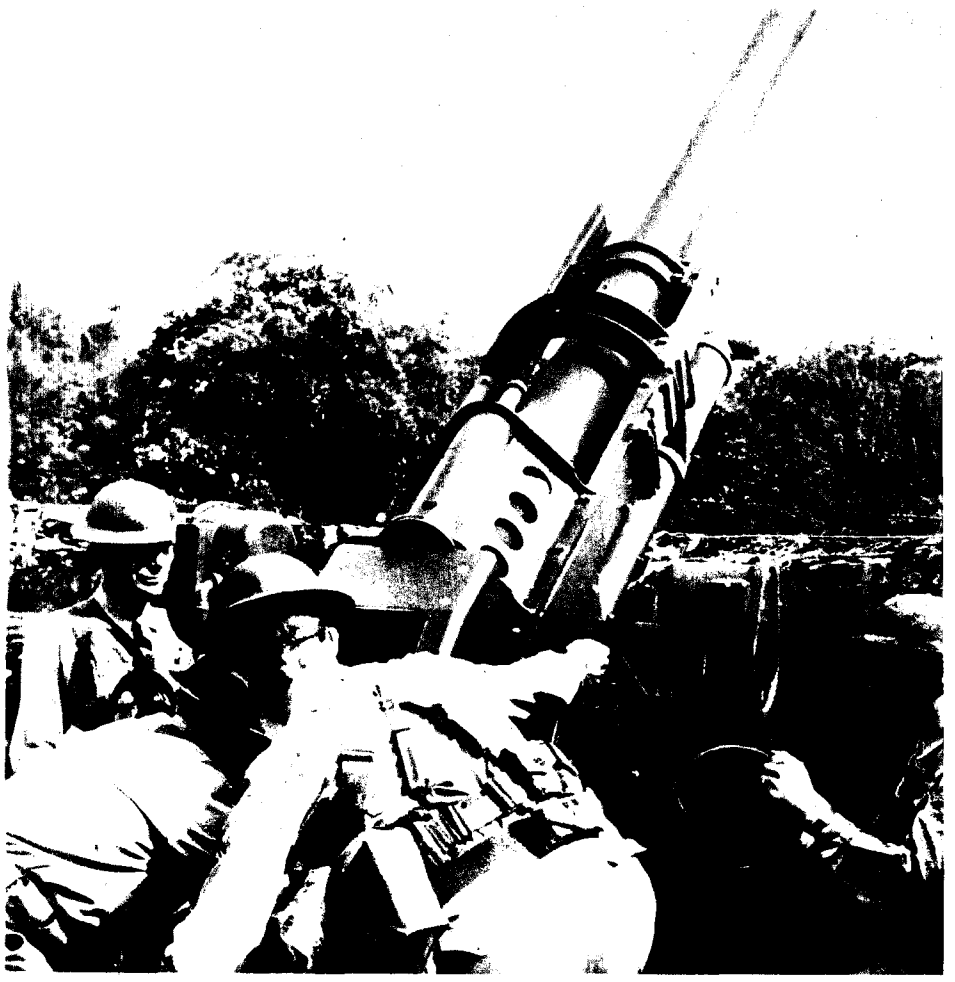
At night searchlight spears pierce the blackness. These 800,000,000 candlepower needles have their own directors. With help from the gleamers the guns can spot the raiders with daytime ease. Fancy airobatics are easy for the searchlighters to follow. Sharp eyes and good coordiantion make our AA light beams feared by the enemy.

Before they know, enemy planes are in the middle of a barrage. Formations are dispersed, calculations for bombing thrown off. A burst several yards from a plane takes its toll. It may stun the pilot, or jar a delicate mechanism.

The batteries maintain constant touch with the secret information center for hint of approaching ships. The "hot loop" is always open with information steadily coming through. The battery commander makes his HQ in a command post where he keeps in telephonic touch with each gun. In the battery room is a plotting chart which is used to keep continuous track of a target as it approaches.

Seconds after the command post sounds the alert, men are at battle posts. They rip off gun covers—kick aside camouflage — raise barrels. Signals come through. The gun swivels into position. On target — Fire.

It's an old Army custom, and a wise one, never to under-estimate an enemy. The battery commander knows that once his gun is on a target and shells are sent screaming up, the target itself will locate the gun and take any kind of action to evade a hit.



"Hot loop" phone circuit is kept constantly open for alert from spotters.

Precision instruments are so set as to lead a plane flying at a certain altitude and a certain speed. If that speed or altitude should be altered, the target will be too far away for any burst to be effective. For example, it takes about 15 seconds for a shell to get up 10,000 feet, and everything is set up accordingly.

A man's work. Ramming shells weighing more than 40 pounds into a hungry breech requires coordination and sustained power.

Should the pilot of a raider see the gun flash on the ground, or if the first few shots were to be off target enough to lack effect, he would become a hard man to touch from there on out. Nobody is going to be a willing clay pigeon if he can do anything about it. And he can.

So the speed and timing — the only human element of a mechanical operation — come into their own. Here split seconds count, because the speed of modern aircraft is such that tardy information, faltering team-work, any mistake or miscalculation throws the whole thing into a cocked hat. Here nothing, down to the finest detail, can go wrong.

Gun crews of American anti-air batteries are among the finest trained teams in the world. Schooled since childhood by fast-breaking basketball or football plays, these men have since learned the value of coordination—and here they put it to its greatest use.

Director. A sensitive precision instrument for use in directing gun to its target.

Men on altitude finder get rough data from CP and search skies for raiders. Computed altitude is relayed to "brains" of system, the director.

Fifty calibre crew skeet shoots for keeps. This AA weapon is hell on strafing aircraft.

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"Slammin' 'er 'ome!" British gun crew fires at point-blank range during desperate fighting in current Libyan battle.

Sixty-pounders let go at German positions during night bombardment in the desert. Note camouflage against air attack.

Desert battle wagons. British infantry tanks, pennants waving, plough in formation on movement "outside the perimeter of Tobruk." Libyan sun heats heavy plates to kitchen-stove degree.

Wind, Sand and Mars

By Cpl. Harry Brown

The desert was there in the beginning and it will be there in the end. The Italians tried to beat it and it beat them. They put up neat white houses, and their officers wore scented uniforms, and they rode in their tanks as though they were parading. The British built nothing. They left the desert alone. They lived in their tanks and their armored cars, and they caught the Italians and they broke them. The parading tanks became twisted metal, and the scented officers were led away . . .

The worst enemy in Libya is the desert. It plays no favorites, and it has two irresistible weapons—sun and sand. The sun makes metal too hot to touch. Tank men fight, stripped to the waist, in temperatures of 130° and 140°. A Libyan sandstorm, called a khamseen, is a nightmare. The khamseen picks up surface dust as fine as talcum powder and blows it a thousand miles across North Africa. It gets in men's eyes and noses and mouths and ears. Khamseens can last for days; during their course soldiers, driven to desperation, live in gas masks. Some vomit continually.

Somehow, nevertheless, men live and fight and manage to be happy. During the siege of Tobruk, perhaps the worst phase of the six Libyan campaigns, the Australians even managed to achieve some form of contentment. They published a newspaper, "Dinkum Oil" ("Straight Dope"), on a captured Italian printing press. They had no beer or cigarettes, but cigars captured from Italians and beer brewed right on the desert took their place. They had outdoor concerts, and games of cricket and soccer, played at dawn, before the burning sun made exercise impossible.

Distance—An Empty Phrase

Sun and sand condition the style of warfare. The various Libyan campaigns have been tank warfare in its purest form. Tanks maneuver like battleships. Conquered territory means nothing; ultimate success depends on the destruction of the enemy. Patrols venture 500 or 600 miles into enemy territory, but distance is an empty phrase. To win in the desert, one must destroy—not the foe's towns and cities, but his tanks, his armored cars, his gasoline supplies, his oil dumps. Failing that, one fails all.

Desert soldiers are not military fashion plates. Tanned, unshaven, oil-smeared, they get little chance to keep clean. Their eyes grow narrow in the glare of the sun and fine little wrinkles appear in the corners. They are always in their tanks or under them. They live on tinned foods; the desert produces nothing. Water is more important to them than bombs. One great danger is boredom. As far as the eye can see, there is nothing. Desert, sand, plateaus, escarpments—nothing else. Brown, yellow and gray are the colors of the desert, and the camouflaged tanks are equally drab.

The Cannoneers

There are all kinds of weapons in the desert. Tanks are most important, after them the planes. The artillery and the infantry come next. Italian artillery saved the face of the Italian army. It was made up of old guns, some of them holdovers from 1918. Many of its shells were duds, and its precision instruments were of poor grade. Yet it was good artillery, especially on fixed targets. When the Italians fell back it was the artillery that stayed behind, fighting a rear guard action at long range.

There is no trench warfare. The only trenches in Libya are slit trenches, used as protection against air attack. Slit trenches are simply narrow graves dug four feet deep in the sand. When a tank or an armored car or a Bren gun carrier stops for the night, the first duty of its crew is to dig a slit trench. For defense, there are land mines. Great fields of them lie hidden along miles of desert and in the passes between the plateaus and escarpments. It was mine fields that trapped General Rommel in his most recent offensive. A master of the flank attack, Rommel slipped around the end of the British line, only to be caught between British armored columns and mine fields.

Yank Tanks

American tanks had much to do with Rommel's plight, too. For some months the British had been receiving numbers of American M-3 and M-4 medium tanks, mounting 75-mm. cannon. Rommel didn't know it. He found his columns being blasted into the air from a distance of 1500 yards, 500 yards further than his 37-mm. tank guns could carry.

When night falls on Libya the desert is full of fantastic terrors. Darkness brings no cessation of battle.

On all sides signal lights flare, but in the desert distances are deceptive. The flare might be 500 feet away or five miles; there is no sure system of knowing.

The escarpments are dotted with dead tanks, smouldering steel skeletons, German and British alike. Distant gunfire sounds, and comes closer and closer as the battle veers toward the observer.

Death Above, Below

Overhead race the planes, invisible against the sky. Underfoot are the mine fields. Tanks must move slowly and uncertainly, feeling their way across terrain covered with mines. Should the track of a tank touch off their delicate mechanisms, destruction and oblivion follow.

On every side the tanks and armored cars fire their guns. The night is filled with flashes of fire. Patrols stumble into ambushes, and their vehicles are left flaming on

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the sand, lighting up the gully or the escarpment where they were caught. At last, toward dawn, the desert moon comes up. The firing dies down. Attackers and attacked wait restlessly to join the battle again under the glare of a merciless sun.

The Germans are giving the British a fight, but for once they are not sufficiently equipped. Supplies from the United States have given the British a preponderance of equipment. Moreover, the British have a large army in Libya, too, and a polyglot army in the bargain. Free Poles, Free French and Free Czechs are fighting in the desert, as are Indians, South Africans, New Zealanders and Australians. On the Axis side, German troops have usurped the Italian command, and Wehrmacht men outnumber the Fascisti.

Such is Desert War

When the Germans came to Libya they came suddenly. The story is still told in Cairo of the first meeting between British and German forces. Three British armored cars were roaring down the coast road between Benghazi and Tripoli when three German armored cars came from the opposite direction. The two patrols actually shot past each other.

"My God," the British commander said, "did you see who they were? Germans."

The Germans, like the British, are not fighting the desert, and British and Germans have a common respect for each other. In the desert a man has to be tough and he knows that another man in the desert, enemy or not, is a tough man too. The Germans built no houses. They live in their tanks. They remember that the Italians tried to beat the desert and were beaten themselves. They know—as the British know—that the desert was there in the beginning and it will be there in the end.

Like tins of less-precious gasoline, these containers of water are being unloaded at a desert base. Special convoys search out water holes, often travel hundreds of miles to supply troops.

God, it's hot! British gunner, tanned, tough, alert for attack. It's a Bren gun under the cover. Maybe it looks like Malibu Beach, but, brother, it ain't. It's part of General Sherman's hell.

"Fust Class Fightin' Man." New Zealander with Tommy gun lights a butt. Note rough surface of desert, also the rough surface of the Anzac's mugg. This is a man who marched on Tobruk once, singing with thousands of others "The Wonderful Wizard of Oz." That was their song. And it was their own wizardry which held that isolated citadel for month after torturous month. Men like this made Tobruk a name for history and a synonym for bravery.

Bivouac. Helmeted British troopers in Egypt move out on practice march. This is a reinforcement unit.

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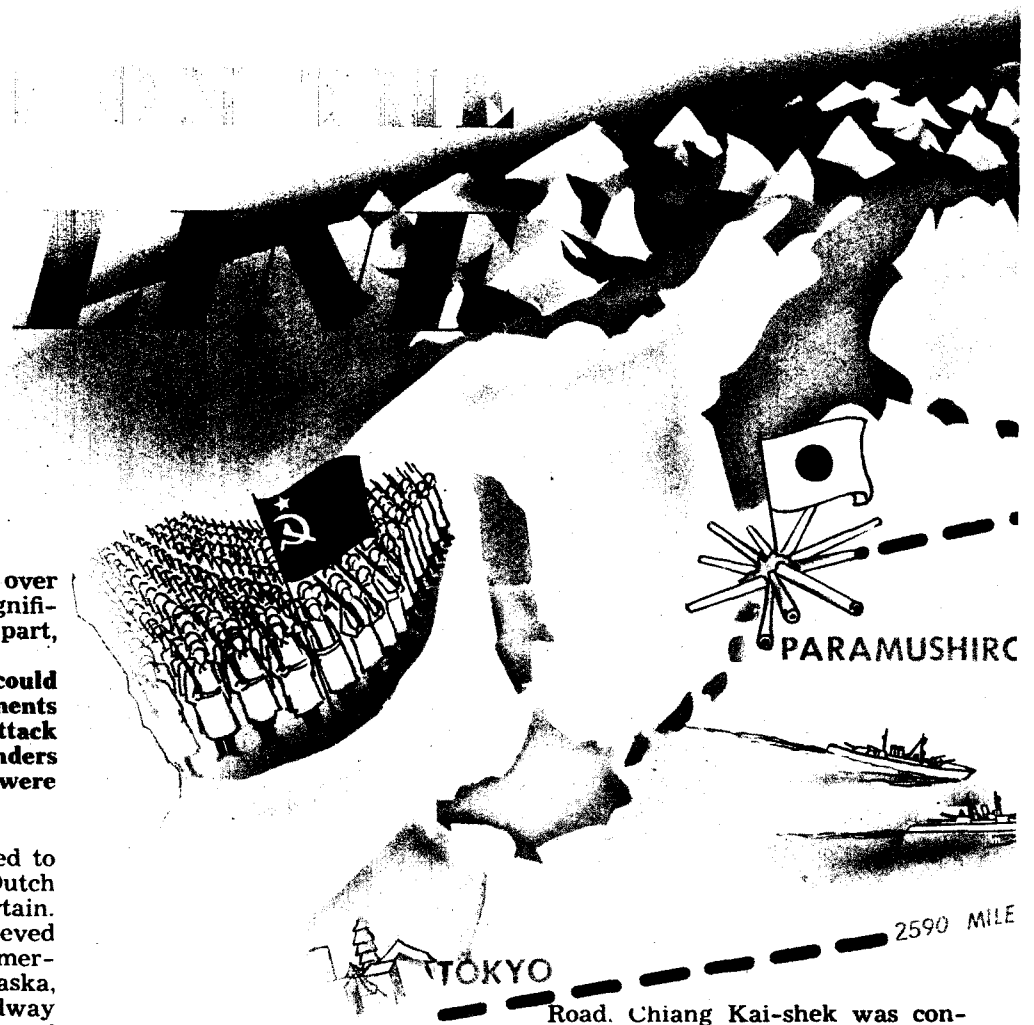
FIRING LINE



Six months to the day after Pearl Harbor, the honorable ancestors of Japan's Emperor Hirohito stirred uneasily in their graves.

A mighty Jap fleet, attempting what might have been intended as a prelude to invasion of Hawaii, stabbed at Midway, 1,300 miles to the west and was promptly hurled back with staggering losses by the U. S. Army, Navy and Marine Corps forces. Two or three enemy aircraft carriers were sunk, one or two severely damaged and the planes from three or more lost. Three battleships, six cruisers and three transports took terrific punishment. Some would never reach port.

Upon us the Japs inflicted only slight damage. A U. S. aircraft carrier was hit and a destroyer sunk. Casualties were few.

Two Battles

The battle, biggest so far in the Pacific, was one of two simultaneous engagements which U. S. naval authorities said might well decide the course of the war in that ocean. The other was being fought in the vicinity of the Aleutian Islands, which string from Alaska toward Japan and form a constant threat to raid-jittery Tokio. What was happening there, however, was obscure. The weather was bad and the opposing naval units had tangled intermittently for several days without decisive action.

It was the first time since Dec. 7 that the Japanese had returned in force to the north Pacific.

On June 3, at Dutch Harbor, in the Aleutians, the soldiers who had been performing such duties as K. P. with no more excitement than their comrades in the States, or at other quiet outposts, got their first taste of war. The fog that enfolds the islands most of the year parted. Out of the sky came planes with the Rising Sun insignia. They dropped bombs and flashed away, leaving a few warehouses burning beneath them.

Next day they struck at Midway. There were no planes lined up on the ground ready for destruction, as once there were at Pearl Harbor.

This time the planes were in the air, not only to defend the island against the raiding force but to take heavy toll of the warships battling American vessels in the surrounding seas. Two days later, as the Jap fleet finally ducked its American pursuers under cover of darkness, the conservative commander of the U. S. Pacific Fleet gave his report on the respective losses.

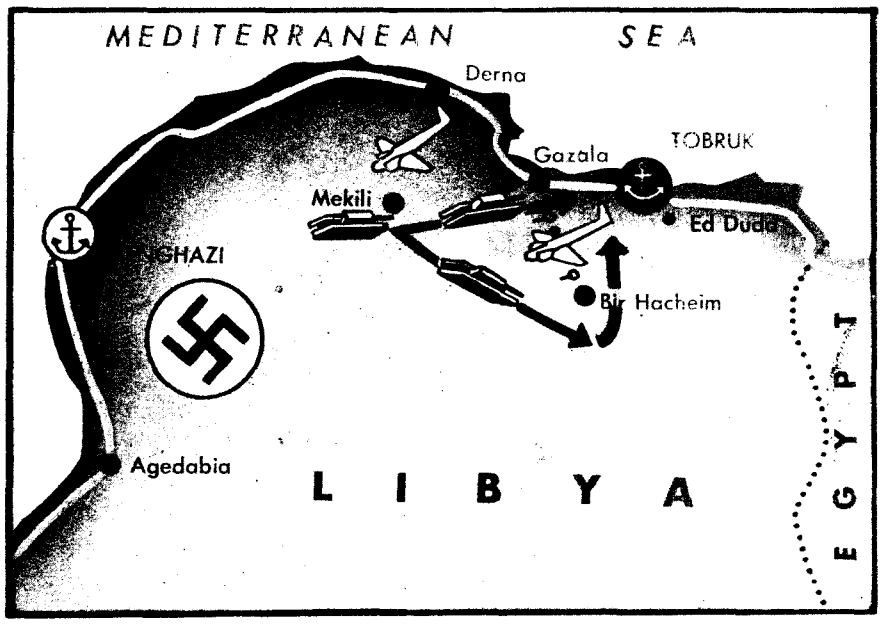
"This," he declared, "is the balance sheet that Army, Navy and Marine Corps forces in this area offer their country this morning."

Soldiers hearing the news over barrack-room radios got the significance: Pearl Harbor had, in part, been avenged.

Whether the Japanese could bring up sufficient reinforcements immediately for a second attack was unknown, but the defenders were more than ready—they were eager.

Strategy Uncertain

Exactly what the Japs hoped to accomplish in their blows at Dutch Harbor and Midway was uncertain. Generally, however, it was believed that their plan was to divert American naval forces toward Alaska, then strike south and seize Midway as a preliminary to invasion of Hawaii. Supporting this belief were two reports: First, that the three transports sunk were laden with troops; second, that 14 such vessels had recently been observed en route northward from Jap-controlled Marshall Islands.



New U. S.-built tanks and powerful air support helped British stop Marshal Rommel's Afrika Korps in sixth big campaign of Libyan desert war. Failing in pincer drive toward Toburk, Nazi forces were nearly trapped in bitterest fighting desert has seen.

With the bulk of the Nippon fleet active north of the Equator, the tension "down under" was eased somewhat. Jap submarines lobbed shells for an hour into Sydney's waterfront the night of June 8. Fighting continued on New Guinea, but American troops in Australia went on with their preparations for eventual Japanese invasion. They were comforted by the knowledge that time was, for the moment, on their side and that enemy lines were being stretched ever farther, ever thinner, over the Pacific. Some time, they were confident, those lines would stretch to the breaking point.

And on Land . . .

In China the Japs pushed on, but at tremendous cost. Westward from the East China Sea, they inched toward the rail center of Chuhsien, paying with many lives for each foot of ground taken from the Chinese. In three days of fighting outside the old walled city 11,000 of them fell, Chinese sources declared. If the Japanese could capture Chuhsien, they could control the Thailand-Indo-China railroad, assuring an overland supply route to their newly conquered territories south.

An ominous huddle was taking place, meanwhile, in a little room in Chungking, end of the Burma Road. Chiang Kai-shek was conferring with General Stilwell, his American chief of staff; General Brereton, head of the American air force in India, and General Chennault, leader of the American Volunteer Air Force, which has been driving the Japs nuts in southern China and Burma.

It looked as if Uncle Sam and his Western allies were planning hurry-up help for the hard-pressed Chinese.

Bad News for Adolf

On the other side of the world bad news flowed in a steady stream into the Wilhelmstrasse. Rommel's Afrika Korps had been stopped again in Libya. The Russians continued to hold in the East. The R.A.F. was sending planes, a thousand at a time, to level whole areas of war industries. And now over the radio the British were warning the French, in effect:

"If you value your lives, get out of the coastal areas, from the Belgian frontier down to the Pyrenees. We can't tell you where, and we can't tell you when, but we're coming."

Black-faced Commandos paid nightly visits to Channel ports, sniping at sentries, damaging docks, destroying airdromes and harrying an already nervous defense force. With them were American staff officers, preparing for the night when an ordinary Commando raid might develop into something a little bit bigger.

R.A.F. Hammer-Blows

The R.A.F. was building up toward peak activity. As many as 1,200 planes roared across the Channel, seconds apart, to bomb German cities.

"City by city," Churchill had said, when he told how the British and Americans would avenge Coventry. And city by city it began to be. First Cologne—Rhineland city of 800,000, turning out war products day and night. Stirlings, Halifaxes, Wellingtons, Whitleys, Lancasters and Hampdens dumped

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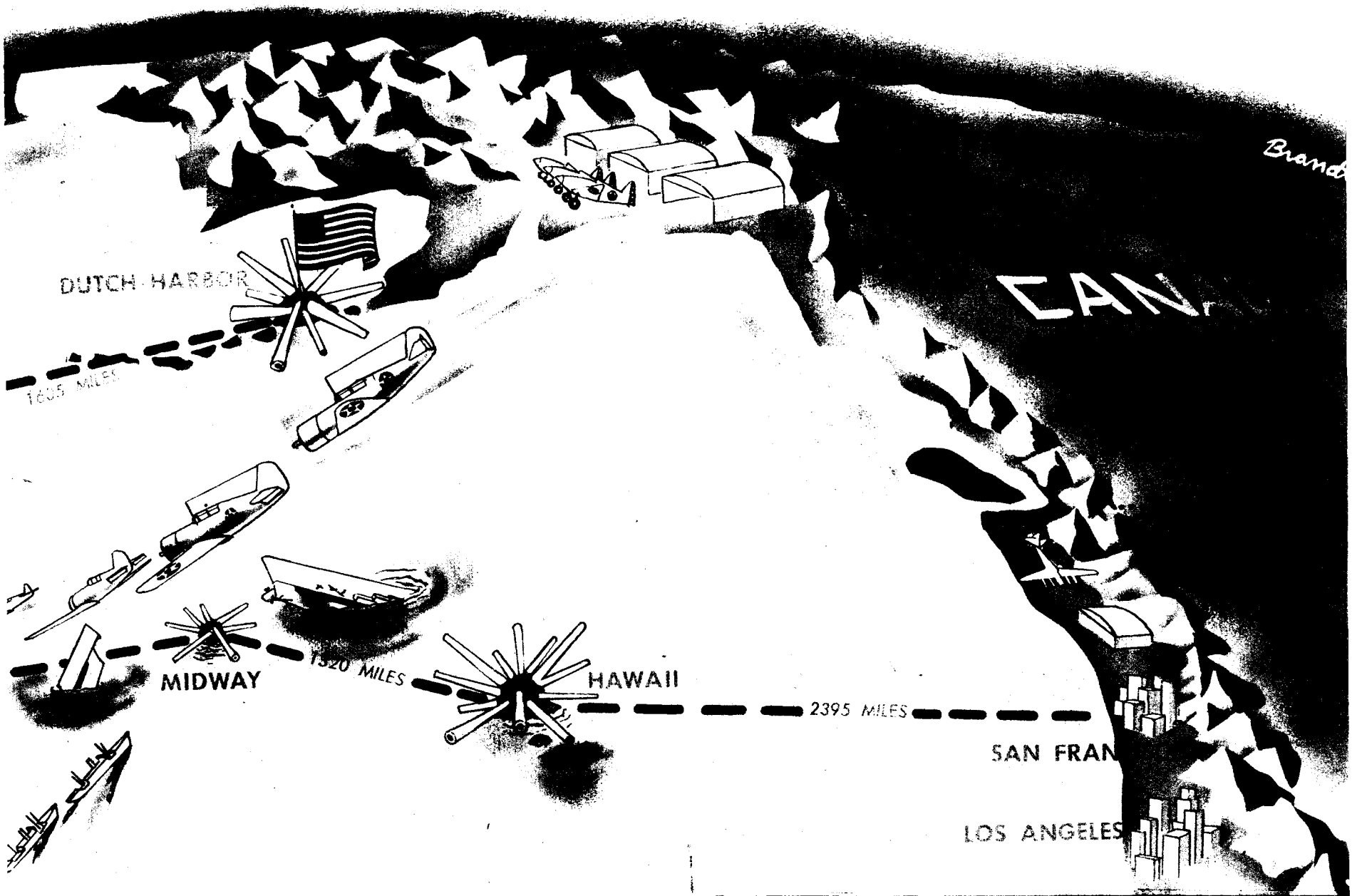


Japanese sent more than 50 vessels to attack Midway, important outpost of Hawaii. An undetermined number, including at least two plane carriers, did not return. Scene of American triumph in Pacific's biggest sea battle is shown in map's center. In the Aleutians, to the north, Japs did slight damage in air attack on Dutch Harbor and clashed intermittently with American naval forces. Map clearly shows value of Aleutians to the U. S. as base for attacks upon Jap stronghold of Paramushiro, or upon Tokyo, and as defense for Alaska, logical invasion point.

their bundles. Blenheims, Beaufighters, Bostons and Havocs hovered by to protect them. When they left, Cologne's famous 14th Century cathedral still stood. Little else.

The homeless from Cologne streamed to other cities, Essen among them. There again they heard the drone of planes, and there again they saw a city erupt in flames. Bremen, with its wharves and factories, was next. . . . "City by city," Churchill had said.

Russia-Trouble

The Nazis had aerial might to protect their cities—but they dared not take it from the task in the East. There Russia had beaten them to the punch on the long-awaited spring offensive. The Red Army was hammering at the gates of Kharkov and had even gone beyond it to the south. Repeated Nazi tank attacks upon the Black Sea fortress of Sevastopol had been thrown back; a week of air assaults there had cost the Germans 528 planes, the Russians 151, Soviet communiques claimed.

As spring advanced toward summer, the Nazis were hard put to prevent an offensive, let alone launch one.

Rommel Again

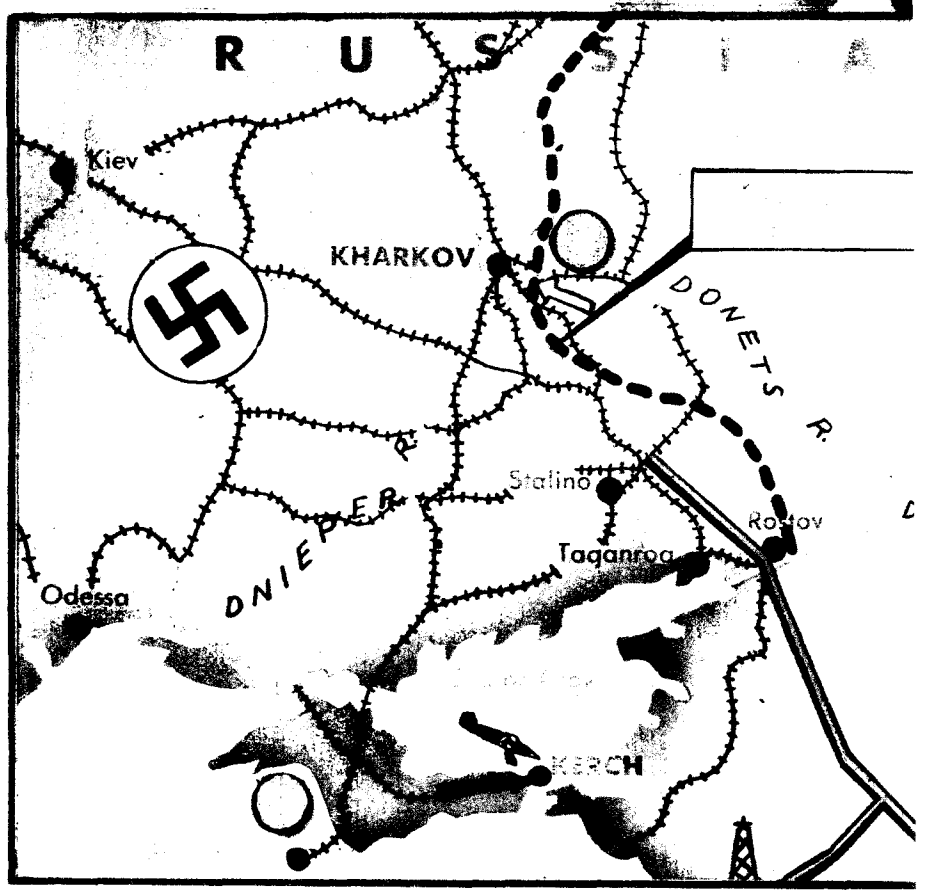
In North Africa the Nazis decided they were strong enough to take the offensive. Marshal Rommel's tanks started eastward across the Libyan desert—The Caldron, as the British called it — toward Egypt's border.

They met a British force more powerful by far than any that had crossed and recrossed the desert in five previous campaigns. It had new U. S.-built tanks, with range and fire power equal to if not better than the German machines.

After two weeks in which at times 1,000 tanks were locked in battle, the desert south of Tobruk was littered with sun-charred bodies and twisted shells of tanks, and a battered Nazi corps fought to hold a nine-mile gap in the front. Beaten so far, the Nazis were apparently striving to reorganize for another thrust.

Clouds Over Europe

Inside Europe, unrest grew. Storm troopers were shot, restaurants bombed, in Paris. The Comitadji, fast growing guerrilla army, made war still necessary in the conquered Balkans. Each dawn revealed new corpses of German soldiers floating in Holland's canals. Two Czech patriots, snapping their fingers at Gestapo terror, ambushed and shot to death brutal Reinhard Heydrich, deputy Gestapo chief and Hitler's overlord of Czechoslovakia. Throughout the continent, Nazi agents exacted in reprisal an ever soaring toll of lives. Food lines lengthened. They cast shadows, long shadows.



Jumping the gun on Nazi spring offensive, Russians put Nazis on defensive at Kharkov (1), but were themselves fighting hard to hold Sevastopol in Crimea (2). Light area southwest of Kharkov shows extent of Reds' advance in attempt to encircle Kharkov.

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THE POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Omar K., Pfc. 1st Pyramidal Tent Co.

PILL ROLLER

There was a draftee from Podunk
Who said, "I'm a medico punk,
To relieve their congestion
And aid their digestion
I've been rolling these pills till I'm sunk."

THE YANKS ARE EN ROUTE

Now there's a slim and pretty girl in France,
Descended from the one of Armentieres;
And only bat-eyed hangmen watch her dance.
Hold on, and keep your smile, for we'll be there.
And there's a brave and dark eyed girl in Greece,
Who lives through hope in days of long despair,
And has no bread nor wine to make her laugh.
Hang on, and don't give up, for we'll be there.
In Holland, where the tulips are all dead,
There waits a maid with yellow hair,
Praying while her country's veins are bled.
Stay brave, and keep your faith, for we'll be there.
From Greece to Spain, from Poland to the sea,
The girls who lost their smiles can still compare
A tyrant to a man, and wait to cheer
The flag with Stars and Stripes. And we'll be there.

Pvt. Arthur Emmons—10th Engrs.

MY ONLY PLEA

"Still laugh," said I, "when I'm away,
And gather all the flowers of May;
Still keep my room, the pictures all,
That I have loved upon the wall;
For I shall want them every one
The moment that the war is won.

Still play the records, dance and sing,
And spread no fears by sorrowing;
Be happy, every time you can,
For victory, work and pray and plan;
For I shall want you looking well
When we have fired the final shell.

Still bake the pies, as it might be,
That I were coming home to tea;
Still plant the garden, roundabout,
Still grub the sturdy thistles out;
And stake the blue delphinium,
As if this war had never come.

For if this struggle shall be long,
At home there must be mirth, and song;
Since these are what we fight to keep,
So hide away, when you must weep;
And be as brave at home, as we
Who fight in sky, on land and sea."

SERGEANT GEORGE L. DAVIDSON
Headquarters Company
116th Infantry

THE BUGLER

The bugler wakes us up each day;
I wish to heck that he would play
Over the hills and far away.

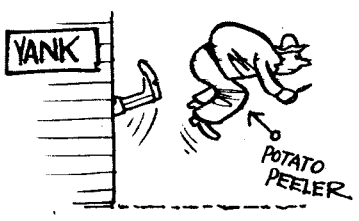
CORPORAL ARDEN L. MELOTT
Headquarters Company
722nd Military Police Battalion (ZI)

A TANKMAN AT THE GATES

A tankman at the Pearly Gates
Was faced by Old St. Pete,
And told to go on down below,
Because he was not neat.
Says he, "I'm dirty all the time,
I live in grease and murk;
I don't sit at an office desk,
I do the dirty work.
I don't march up and down a post
In uniforms so neat,
Nor strap a pack upon my back,
Nor blister up my feet.
I know not what it is to bathe
And shave, most every day,
A bath tub or a sink inside
A tank is in the way.
Now if I were artillery
I'd primp up every night,
And look like Esquire all the time,
But never know a fight.
Or if I were a Q. M. lad,
With uniforms so snappy,
I'd catch most everybody's eye,
And make the girls so happy!
But being just a tankman
I'm used to dirt and stuff;
Now may I enter thru the Gates?
I've lived thru Hell enough.
Yes, being just a tankman
I'm not much used to waitin';
Now may I live in Heaven, Sir,
Or must I call on Satan?"

SERGEANT JOHN V. SULLIVAN
Company A
191st Tank Battalion

Mail Call



Somewhere in Ireland

Dear Yank:

If Yank is going to be another of those corny Army papers with cartoons about rookies peeling potatoes and jokes about supply sergeants and top-kicks, you can cancel my subscription before I even subscribe. Before we left the United States it looked like all we ever saw about the Army was that sort of thing. And I for one do not want to be chased all over northern Ireland by the same damned thing. What do you say about giving us a break?

Sgt. Anthony J. Lavagetto

We promise to do our best to keep the corn out. To us, the potato peeler and the supply sergeant have grown a little thin and none of our readers are rookies. We will step heavily on those antique stories and cartoons. Brother, you are among friends.

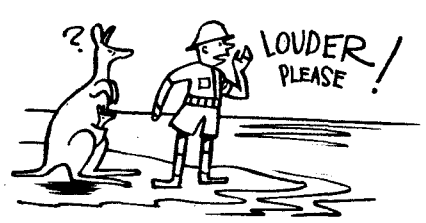
Somewhere in Australia

Dear Yank:

There isn't anything down here but lizards. What I mean is that there isn't anything extra to listen to. We have a short wave that's pretty good, but there isn't enough of it. So we figured that you'd be willing to write Crosby and Allen, and maybe Benny, and tell them to talk louder or more often or something.

Very truly yours,
T/Sgt. Mander Lunk

Don't worry. You'll be getting more broadcasts.



Trinidad

Dear Yank:

We were looking over an old Lee-Enfield rifle the other day, and it reminded me of different kinds of rifles, which I've always been interested in. A new magazine like yours might want to feature foreign rifles sometimes. I mean with pictures and making comparisons with our Garands and Springfields. I thought it would be interesting. Just a suggestion.

Yours truly,
Pvt. Homer Alexander

We'll see what we can do.

Somewhere in Australia

Dear Yank:

A bunch of us were arguing last night about gas, and somebody said the worse a gas smells the less harmful it is. Lewisite smells like geraniums, phosgene smells like hay and tear gas smells like apple blossoms. That kind of stuff. Does it work that way all the time?

Pvt. Marvin Wilson

What about mustard gas—or do you like the smell of garlic anyway? There's ethyldichlorarsine, which has a biting odor and blisters the bejaysus out of you. There's chlorpicrin, or "puking stuff," which smells like flypaper. White phosphorus, which can burn your arm off, smells like burning matches. Gas is gas, no matter how it smells.

TWO CENTS WORTH

Chicago traffic cops have been told that they must learn to disregard remarks made by motorists due to their upset condition. This sounds like a new type of conservation program as the motorist is probably today's version of the Vanishing American.

Der Fuehrer, according to Reichsmarshal Goering, has suffered deeply for his troops in Russia. This shows his noble character. We respect him as we respect the field pack which sympathizes with our shoulders.

Secretary Stimson warns that Japan probably will try "face-saving" raids of our west coast. This is the wartime version of trying to keep up with the Joneses.

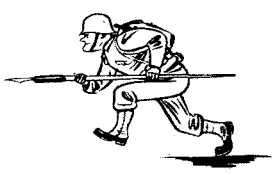
The Babyland Carriage Stores of New York City, in a recent report, refutes the charge that the birth rate increase is due to draft-dodgers' efforts. We knew it was the stork all along.

Pvt. Joe Louis has asked relief from a $117,000 income tax bill due June 15. Never mind, Joe. Soon you'll be drawing $42 a month, then it'll only take you 2,785 months and three weeks to pay up.

The Interceptor Commands have been renamed Fighter Commands. There's nothing like the war of words to confuse things.

A Columbia, Mo., man struck his wife recently and the judge fined him $15—but not on a wife-beating charge. He was fined for breaking glass on the street. His wife wore spectacles.

In Barron, Wis., a White Rock hen owned by Victor Wirt is the first reported casualty of Donald Nelson's increased food production program in Barron county. The hen laid a four-ounce egg, measuring six and a half inches from stem to stern—then died of fatigue.



YANK

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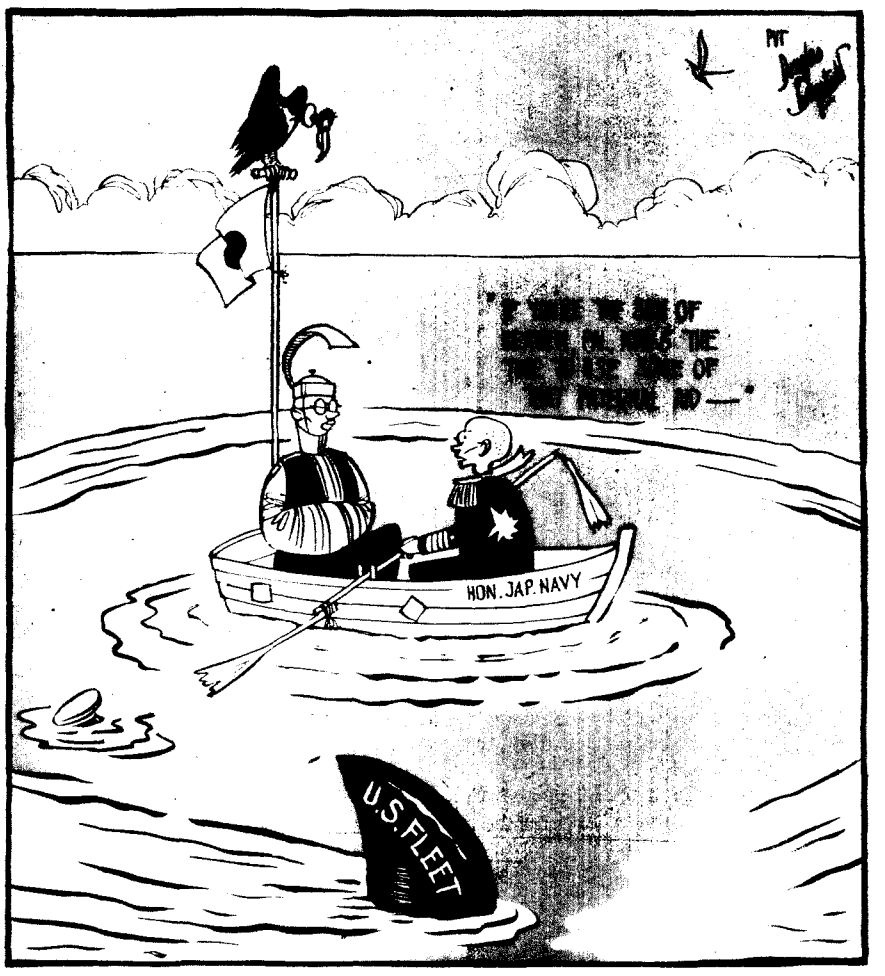
YANK

5¢ By the men for the men in the service

JUNE 17, 1942

VOL. 1, NO. 1

Here's the YANK, brother.
This is our newspaper, solely and exclusively for us in the ranks and for nobody else.
It's not G.I., except in the sense we are G.I.
It's ours alone.
Because we fight, it is a fighting newspaper.
Because it is ours and because we are fighting men, it is here to reflect pride when we are proud, anger when we are sore.
It is OUR record of what we're doing—in black and white.
It IS us.
When there is poetry, it will reflect our poetry. War always produces poetry.
When there is griping, it is here for that. War always produces griping.
The YANK is each one of us.
As a reflection of ourselves, YANK is freedom, too; something our enemies are afraid to duplicate, and couldn't if they dared.
They don't think like us.
Our enemies will see YANK as us, because it is US.
They will tear it apart. Their psychologists will analyze the words in YANK, our words.
What a hell of a laugh!
They can't figure it out.
Because YANK is ours.
Here's the YANK, brother.



A Few Items That Require No Editorial Comment

Albert de Vleeschauwer, a member of the Belgian Government-in-Exile, says his people are "praying" for a Yank-British invasion of the European continent. Vleeschauwer has just reached the U. S. on a secret mission.

Belgian resistance to the Nazis, the spokesman reported, is taking the form of industrial slowdown in factories and sabotage of vital machinery. An underground resistance system is aiding British pilots shot down over Belgian soil and sneaking them back to England, hiding Allied secret agents and similar tasks, Vleeschauwer said. Also 52 underground newspapers are published in Belgium to counteract Nazi propaganda.

Reports from Europe say that Hitler is patching up the Siegfried Line. A group of land mines, a crop of machine guns.

Frederick Oeschner, the United Press correspondent, says that Adolf planned the Siegfried Line in one hell of a hurry. Oeschner, who was in Berlin when we entered the war and was therefore interned, until an exchange of journalists last week, says that Hitler swiped a copy of a private edition of plans for the French Maginot Line, stayed up all one night and a day reading it, then built his own Siegfried Line from those specifications.

Hitler did a good job, too, Oeschner says, considering the fact that the fable insists he just spent some few hours designing it. Of course, he let the generals execute the orders, but he turned around and reciprocated to the generals months later, squaring the matter.

OTTAWA — Canada ordered a 100% increase in draft inductions effective July 1, according to official announcement by the Canadian Defense Department. During June 7,000 men were called; during July the figure is 15,000. In addition there have been 10,000 voluntary enlistments per month.

Canada's enlisted army will be 600,000 strong within a year, the announcement said, not counting undisclosed thousands already in Britain or now in training under enlistments prior to inauguration of the Canadian draft this year.

NORWALK, Conn.—Mrs. Stanley Knowles, sister of the late Brigadier General Billy Mitchell, is "safe and in good health" in a German concentration camp at Liebenau in Wuerttemburg, according to her daughter, Mrs. Albert K. Yohn. Mrs. Knowles was captured in the invasion of Yugoslavia, where she was reported to be a member of the Comitadji, Yugoslav guerrilla organization.

Latest intelligence from Honolulu:

Current joke is that the CO on Midway Island sent the following communique to Admiral Nimitz:

"Japs lose pants trying to save face."

Four Japs, killed in an abortive submarine raid on Sydney, were cremated with full military honors and their ashes started on the long voyage home via a Swiss war aid organization.

Four Jap families are going to have a lot less hate in their hearts from here on out. Religion or not, they can't ignore that.

Beau geste, Australia.

BERLIN — Official Nazi radio broadcasts admit that the Czech town of Lidice has been wiped off the map because its inhabitants sheltered the patriots who assassinated Nazi gorilla Reinhard Heydrich.

Every man in the village was killed. Every woman was sent to a concentration camp. Every child was put in a Nazi "educational" institution. The Germans say the population of the village was 483. Free Czech spokesmen say that may be all that were left for the final purge, but that before the Nazis took over, the town numbered 1,200 persons.

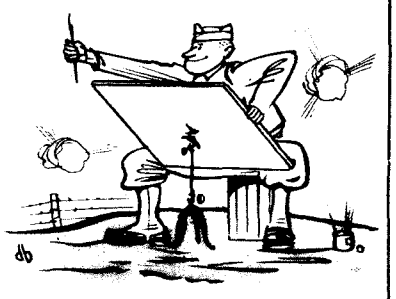
Anyway, the town is gone. Its name has been extinguished, its buildings destroyed. All because a conquered people couldn't take the brutalities of Heydrich any longer, and gave him what he deserved.

That's life under Hitler.

YANK HAS THE ANSWERS....

. . . to your problems. We'll settle all arguments on military etiquette, love affairs, the National League and how to cook beans. We'll sound off on who's right and who's wrong, and you can beat us up after the war's over. Write to YANK!

CAN YOU DRAW, PAINT, OR MAKE CARTOONS?



YANK wants artist contributors! If you can draw cartoons or make action sketches of what goes on where you are, send it to us at YANK, 205 East 42nd St., New York City.

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The following listing will give you, page by page, sources of all photographs in this issue of YANK.

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'H. M. S. Pepperpot' Brings Cargo of Tales

Maskrey was short, jolly, and ruddy. Cassidy was moderately tall, dark, and somber. They are both able-bodied seamen in the British Navy, and they were sitting in a U. S. city Union Jack Club drinking warm American beer.

Maskrey and Cassidy are watchmen on the cruiser Penelope, now in an Eastern port for repairs. They do twenty-four hours off and twenty-four hours on, and when they're off duty they usually hang around the Club.

The Penelope comes from Malta. While there she stood up under seven air raids a day until constant firing began to wear out her guns.

"She's a good old girl," Maskrey said. "We called her 'H.M.S. Pep perpot' for awhile, because the Jerries put so many little holes in her decks. We filled up the holes with planks and called her 'H.M.S. Porcupine.' Finally the bombs threw so much debris on her that we called her 'H.M.S. Rockgarden'."

"We ought to call her 'H.M.S. God 'Elp 'Itler' now."

Cassidy laughed. "I can't forget Malta," he said. "We were there, lying at anchor, when the Jerries threw over the worst they had. The ship ran out of water, and we couldn't send to shore for any because the small boats would have been strafed. We had to wait until night to get a drink. We were really parched then, I can tell you. Nothing makes a man thirstier than firing a gun all day."

"Remember Good Friday morning?" Maskrey asked.

"Good Friday morning was the worst," Cassidy said. "Worst of them all. We even used the six-inchers as flak."

"Four-inchers too," Maskrey added.

A Fair Hot Time

"Everything," Cassidy said. "They came over like bloody beetles, the whole damned Luftwaffe, it seemed like. One would go away and two more would come along. It was a fair hot time. They hit us hard that day."

Maskrey grinned. "We're still afloat," he said.

"The bootlicks were shaking," Cassidy said. "Bootlicks are Marines. We call them bootlicks or flunkies. They were shaking that day, all right."

"So was I, mate," Maskrey said. "I never thought I'd see the tykes again."

"There were minutes on Good Friday morning when I never thought I'd get to stand up to the altar," Cassidy said. "But now I'm going to. I'll be going back with a convoy one of these days."

"Lucky bloke," Maskrey said. "I've got to hang around. But I'll hang around until Michaelmas if I can't find a tommy-gun for my tyke."

"I've got some shopping to do, too," Cassidy said. "I've got to buy my girl some silk stockings. You can't get silk stockings in England, either."

Maskrey and Cassidy are puzzled by America. "I don't mind the tall buildings," Cassidy said. "You get used to tall buildings. But the people are impolite. The men don't give up their seats in the busses. At home a conductor would tap a man on the shoulder and make him give up his seat."

"You're right, mate," Maskrey said. Maskrey is from Lancastershire, and he says "coom" for "come." His town is Manchester, and it is a matter of pride with him that his home is only twenty minutes from where Gracie Fields, the comedienne, was born. Cassidy doesn't think much of Gracie Fields. "Ella Logan lived only three streets from me in Glasgow."

And She Says

The pace of American life is odd to them. They like Americans, and neither of them has had a fight with an American sailor, though Cassidy was once struck by a woman on a New York street. "She comes up to me," he said, "and she's a bit under the influence. 'Hello, you dirty Limey,' she says. 'Why aren't you off fighting your war?' and then she belts me one. I pacified her."

Maskrey wants to get home for Christmas, and right now he's looking around this town for a toy tommy-gun to take to his little boy. There are no toy tommy-guns in England. He has Christmas day all planned out. "First I'll go around to the brewery and get a goose," he said. "They give a goose each Christmas to everyone who's worked for them. An Irish goose. There's nothing like a goose or a turkey for Christmas. I like a goose, though. A turkey's too dry, but a goose is oily and smooth. There's nothing like an Irish goose."

"I'll take mutton any day," Cassidy said.

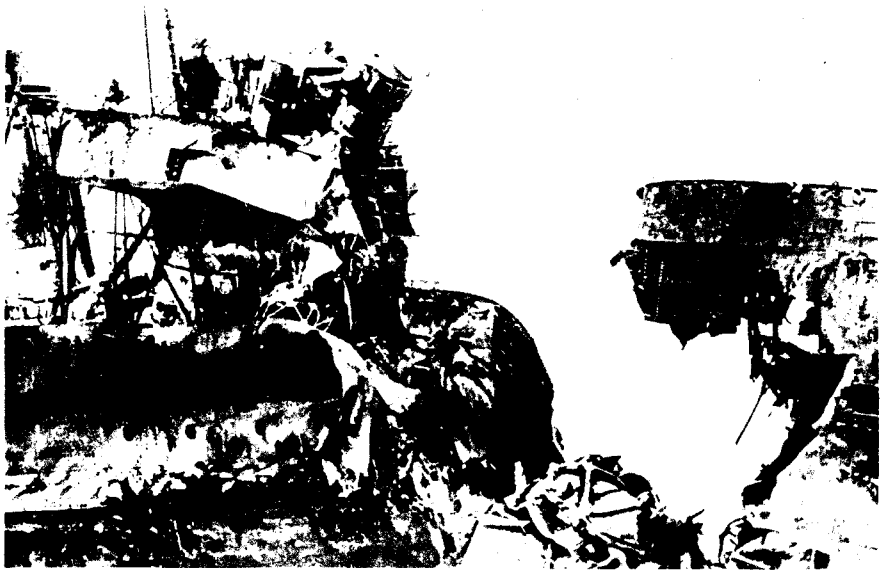
"Mutton is all right when it's hot," Maskrey said. "When it's cold, though, I don't like it."

Mutton-Fed Fighters

"You should have been at Tobruk, mate," Cassidy said. "There were a lot of Aussies there, blokes who'd been raised on mutton. Any one of those blokes would have given his grandmother's teeth for a slice of cold mutton."

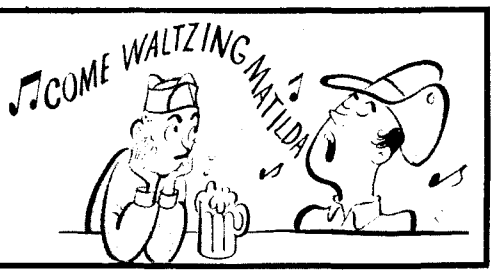
Maskrey nodded solemnly. Cassidy is a Naval Reserve man. He was called up when war was declared, and he has been serving in the Mediterranean ever since. He was on his cruiser when, with other units of the British Mediterranean Fleet, she caught up with a big Italian ("Ities," Cassidy calls them) convoy off Sicily. The convoy totaled 15 ships and five destroyers, and the British sent 10 ships and three destroyers to the bottom. "It was a good go," Cassidy said.

Cassidy's cruiser spent six days in Tobruk harbor when German and Italian desert forces were besieging the place. He has great respect for the Australian and Indian troops who held the battered town. "It was no spot to be in," he said. "Everyone in the town had malaria or scurvy or dysentery. The water they drank could get up and walk away. They sent airplanes over the place every day, dive bombers and God knows what else. They used to try and knock us off. Poorest marksmanship I ever saw, though. They never even blistered our paint."



The Germans claimed this was a British ship that Stukas reduced to ruin, but they don't prove it. To the left, two English sailors tell about Stukas and destroyers, but they prove it.

Swagman by the Billabong



Somewhere in Australia—They were guzzling suds at a bar, a handful of Aussies and a half dozen Yanks, and when their throats became too moist for conversation they began to swap songs.

The sandy-haired lad from Metuchen, N. J., put his glass on the bar and grinned. Here, he thought, is where these babies get a taste of real American folk music. And he opened his mouth and bellowed forth the first bars of that old favorite, "Hut Sut Ralson on the Rillarol."

It was a hit all right, and the Aussies were properly impressed. They wanted to know what a "hut sut" was and if the "Rillarol" flowed into the Atlantic or the Pacific. They insisted that the words be written out. Then—

The Hit Parade—Close Order

"We got a pretty good one ourselves," said one. And not one, nor two, but the gang of them opened up on a little ditty called "Waltzing Matilda."

That was a night or two after the boys landed. Today there's hardly a Yank in Australia who isn't familiar with "Matilda," though the percentage of those who know the words is small. It's the favorite of the Aussies, and it'll probably be a favorite on the juke-boxes back in the States when the boys come home. It'll have to be.

"It's the damnedest song you ever heard," said one of the Americans. "We thought 'Hut Sut' was a tongue twister. Hell, it's a nursery rhyme alongside o' this thing. An' slang! It's got our jitterbug lingo stopped!"

Here are the words to "Waltzing Matilda":

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled,
You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me.

Waltzing, Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me.
(Repeat third line of preceding verse.)
You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me.

Down came a jumbuck to drink at the billabong.
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee.
And he sang as he stowed that jumbuck in his tuckerbag:
You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me.

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda, etc.

Up rode the squatter mounted on his thoroughbred,
Up rode the troopers, one, two and three.
Where's that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tukerbag?
You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me.

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda, etc.

Up jumped the swagman and sprang into the billabong,
You'll never take me alive, said he.
Now his ghost may be heard as you pass by the billabong,
You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me.

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda, etc.

It didn't take long to catch on to Aussie slang. Matilda wasn't a fair-haired, full-bosomed lass who had been done wrong by. In fact, to the consternation of the Yanks, Matilda wasn't a gal at all. Matilda was loot, and waltzing was carrying it—in a tuckerbag, of course, which is the bag any jolly swagman, or hobo, carries his loot in. A jumbuck was an animal native to Australia, a billabong was a stream and a squatter was a landowner — which made the song a ballad about a poor hobo who took a powder rather than let the bulls pinch him for poaching.

The song was first sung, incidentally, 'way back in World War days. There are varying versions of the lyrics, and there are varying versions of who sang it first, but most of the Aussies credit it to their cavalry during the Allenby campaign in Palestine. As a marching song, it's right in the groove.

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What's your Problem?

With all this talk in Congress about a pay increase for us, how about some figures on the U. S. Army pay scale in comparison with that of other armies.
PVT. B. SOLSTEIN

For your $21 or $30 right at the moment, basic minimum monthly pay for soldiers in other armies is: Australia $45.00; Canada $30.00; Germany $21.60; Mexico $12.40; Britain $12.20; Argentina $4.76; Russia $4.00; Brazil $2.80; Italy $1.51; Turkey $0.40; Japan $0.30; China $0.28.

See story elsewhere in this issue on what you'll be getting soon.

* * *

Once and for all, what's the score on this left-handed salute business in the Army? Is it permissible, and if so, when?
S/SGT. A. MOLINSKI

Don't know any more about than what the AR says: that the hand salute, rendered anywhere, is with the RIGHT hand. Some people may take exceptions, but the book says uh-uh.

* * *

When I took out Class N Insurance I was under the impression it paid off only in case I should happen to kick off for keeps. Later on I was told the policy contains provisions for collection on injuries, too.
How about it?
CORP. C. CONDOS

Class N pays off certain amounts for total disability, or disability which renders you unfit for military service. For the details, talk to your CO.

* * *

Would you mind educating a poor dog-face as to the origin of this Horst Wessel Lied referred to in everything coming out of Germany?
CORP. A. V. L.

Horst Wessel was a bully boy in Munich who was shot by a couple of guys for personal-political reasons during the earlier days of Hitler's scramble for power. Wessel had written words to an old Austrian drinking song and, sensing a martyr angle, Mouthpiece Goebbels grabbed it up and made a national party song of same. The martyr idea was that the mortally-wounded Nazi supposedly refused to admit a Jewish physician who was called to treat him and as a result died of pure pig-headedness.

* * *

How many four star generals have there been? How many are alive now? How many are in active service now? This is to settle a bet.
PVT. HERB FICKES

Here's the dope: There have been eleven since the rank was created in 1799. First to hold it was Ulysses S. Grant. After him came William T. Sherman, Philip H. Sheridan, and Tasker H. Bliss. Seven men still alive have held or still hold the rank. They are Generals Pershing, March, Summerall, Hines, Craig, Marshall, and MacArthur. Only the last two, Marshall and MacArthur, hold the rank in active service. Hope you won your bet.

We've been having an argument for the past three weeks on which is better, the Garand M-1 or the old Springfield. Everybody admits the M-1 fires faster, but a lot of the guys say it isn't accurate and also that its machinery inside is too complicated and is liable to crack up under combat conditions? Could you throw any light on the argument?
CORP. HARVEY MILFORD

Was a time, a year or so ago, when this subject would have been too hot a potato for us to handle. People were furiously debating the merits of the Springfield, the M-1, and the Johnson automatic rifle. Each weapon had its fans and a stranger horning in on the argument was lucky to out with a whole skin. Now, under combat conditions in the Philippines, the Garand has proved itself beyond question. After a few clips, the Garand is not quite as accurate as the old Springfield, but its firing-speed and the fire-power built up through that firing-speed more than make up for this. Its inner mechanism is more complicated than the Springfield's, but not so complicated as to go haywire under field conditions. Garands stood up on Bataan, and that was no picnic. We're not trying to talk down the Springfield; it's a swell rifle. But, for all-around combat use and as a basic arm, you can't beat the Garand, and General MacArthur said so, publicly, not long ago.

* * *

I haven't seen any tank warfare yet, but I think I'm going to before the war is over. I wonder if you could tell me whether and how often tanks are likely to be stopped by rifle fire?
PVT. CAHIR PRYGELSKI

Definite dope on this question is almost impossible to assemble. And, if we could get it, it would probably come under the heading of "Military Secrets." Light and medium tanks *are* vulnerable to rifle fire. It's the old combination of luck and good marksmanship that can disable them. Using armor-piercing ammunition (the bullets with the black tips) and aiming at the firing slits, you may be able to louse up the occupants of any size tank. Even with regular ammunition, a strong fire concentration will force the enemy tank boys to keep their firing and steering slits closed to the minimum, will make them lose visibility and maneuverability, will help to make them easy prey for your own anti-tank outfit.

* * *

What's the low-down on soldiers' marrying? When I left the States, I understood that a private was supposed to get permission from his superior officer in order to marry. Of course, hardly anyone did, but that was the way it was on the books. Now I hear that this has been changed. Has it? And, if it has, how?
PFC. CHARLEY BROWN

Your rumor was correct. As you said, it used to be necessary (for the record) for a soldier to get permission to marry. Now, however, you can marry whom you like, but try to do it during off-duty hours. By the way, how *are* the girls in Iceland?

"I'll have to search her myself, Gibson, if that's all you can find on her."

WE HEAR THAT

PHILADELPHIA — Search for the thief with the delicate touch is on. He stole a fire alarm box, disconnecting it without setting off the alarm.

HEMPSTEAD, L. I. — A bonfire spread to a building at 228 Front St., did $10,000 damage and caused injuries to five firemen.

PORTLAND, Ore. — What Iceland needs is not a good cigar—but a good hamburger stand. That's the opinion of Marine Private James I. Smith, stationed on the frigid isle, who says the food is fine, but "an American hamburger" would look awfully good.

BOSTON — The run of weakfish on the Atlantic Coast continues to be composed principally of small 'uns. This doesn't include Nazi submarines, but the Navy admits the fishing for this species is good this season.

WASHINGTON, D. C. — The practice of soldiers and civilian strangers exchanging letters has received a stern frown from the War Department. The reason is obvious. Some of those strangers are not just writing for fun.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—It looks as if the "good old days" were coming back, at least, in St. Louis. A bill has been introduced prohibiting stables within 100 feet of dwelling places. Numerous complaints have been coming in about persons converting their garages into horse barns.

RED ARMY TANK BASE — A brigade of American medium and light tanks has been assembled and is ready to go into line. They will be joined with Soviet and British tanks at the front. Two or three American tanks are now at the front going through rugged tests, but nothing definite has been heard from them as yet. Several other brigades are in the process of formation.

TOKIO — The tunnel recently completed under the Shimonoseki Strait, between the cities of Shimonoseki and Moji in southern Japan, will be opened soon for freight traffic only.

ASHTABULA, O.—The Ashtabula Court House, built in 1884, has burned, destroying all marriage, birth and other vital statistics records of the entire county for the last 60 years.

CORWELL, Miss. — Ideal weather has given this region its biggest tomato crop since 1923, in a season when prices are highest in years.

GEORGETOWN, N. Y. — Joseph H. Morris, 29, and Fred Sebring, 27, were killed when the truck on which they were riding overturned near here. Both were Georgetown football stars of the 1933 undefeated high school team. Both were due for army induction soon.

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Dogs for Defense

U. S. Training Thousands for War; Russia, Germany Both Using Them

Out in Los Angeles, Prince Carl demonstrated a short-wave device which is used for transmitting instructions by remote control to army dogs in the field. Prince Carl, with his radio, is shown upper left. And above, he demonstrates his army tactics in giving "little aid or comfort" to the enemy.

It's a dog's life, you say? Maybe you're right, brother; they're even drafting dogs for it now.

The Army wants 2,000 of them, from Great Danes to poodles. Once trained, they can do plenty to help the guy up front—run messages, do sentry duty, string telephone wires and tote ammunition and medicine.

Dogs for Defense, a non-profit organization, is doing the job. At 20 canine training camps in the U. S., DFD's volunteers—dog fanciers, trainers and handlers—are whipping in shape the nucleus of an eventual corps of 50,000. Already at numerous Army posts, airfields and munitions plants, thoroughbreds from 16 breeds are patrolling with sentries. One sentry with a dog, DFD figures, is worth six without.

The idea is not new. In World War I 75,000 dogs were used, among them the late film star Rin-Tin-Tin. Washington became dog-conscious when the American Kennel Club reported long before Pearl Harbor that the Nazis had shipped to Japan 25,000 dogs trained for military service. Investigation showed that in 10 years Germany had trained 200,000 for army and police work.

Small dogs, such as Scotties, wire-hairs, Manchesters and poodles are particularly good at guard duty where they can remain inconspicuously in one small area. The Navy has asked for Scotties to stand watch when ships are in dock, and munitions plants are using them to guard warehouses. For front-line duty, however, they have not sufficient speed or endurance.

Medium - sized dogs — Afghans, airedales, Dalmatians, greyhounds and, of course, shepherds—are best in combat. They are alert, fast and small enough to be difficult targets. Oddly, hunters are not good war dogs. By instinct they are silent when they scent a quarry, whereas the good war dog must voice a warning promptly.

For its recruits DFD depends on patriotic dog owners. There are plenty. A Pearl Harbor widow brought in a Great Dane on her way to work in a defense plant. An eight-year-old Buffalo boy donated the boxer bitch he got for Christmas. Hundreds of others volunteered their pets.

Basic training for the canine soldier lasts six weeks. If he turns out to be pampered or just plain dumb, he will be found out in that time. Otherwise, at the end of the course, he is ready for the field or his sentry post. He comes to his handler's side immediately when told to "heel." He scouts through indicated woods or fields at the command "out." He returns promptly when told to "come." Of primary importance, he sounds off as soon as he detects strangers. His trainers boast that he has six times the perception of a human guard and can warn of an enemy 100 to 200 yards away.

After the final week, in which he gets acquainted with the soldier assigned to handle him, the new member of the canine corps receives his uniform, a white rubberized harness. And, of course, his dog tags.

Berlin Overseas Show

He Did It Before and He Is Doing It Again

In the last war the Army put on a musical comedy, *Yip, Yip Yaphank*, that finally hit France, and an Army musical comedy will play to A.E.F. audiences in this war too, if ex-Sgt. Irving Berlin has anything to say about it. *Yip, Yip, Yaphank* was his baby, and his new musical comedy, *This Is The Army*, is now in rehearsal.

It's purely a G.I. show. Until recently Berlin's headquarters were at Camp Upton, L. I., and rehearsals were put on in the guard house. Berlin lived in barracks so that he could be closer to the cast and to S/Sgt. Ezra Stone (Radio's Henry Aldrich), who is his co-director.

Out at Camp Upton, Long Island, Irving Berlin is back where he was stationed in 1918. But this time he's producing his own musical show,

Big Names

There are 200 men in the show. Some of the cast are rookies, some veterans. Few are what Broadway calls Big Names; they're just guys who like to hoof a little or sing. They're working their necks off, too.

Customs Are Customs

The troupe will not have to stand guard, but one full platoon, drawn from the cast, stands retreat every night.

"We've got some sweet musicians in the orchestra," Stone says. "Johnny Mince is at clarinet—he used to be with Tommy Dorsey. From Jimmy Dorsey's band we've got Joe Lippman, piano, and Don Matteson, trombone. We've got them from Army bands, from Lopez, Goodman, Lewis, Shaw, the Philadelphia Symphony and the Philharmonic. Our stuff isn't all sweet and it isn't all swing, and the boys are a scream in some rehearsals. The classical boys feel a little sad when they have to beat out honest-to-God swing, and the swing boys feel cheated when they have to play strictly from the book. Between them we've got an orchestra that would open your eyes."

"It's a fast-paced show," Berlin says. "A show that the boys will like, 90% song and dance. Last time, we got *Yip, Yip* right up to the front, and this time we're going to try to do the same thing. The front today is all over the world, and it's going to be hard to do. We may have to split up into small touring companies, but some way, somehow, we're going to get it across."

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G.I. Shakespeare

Macbeth and Macduff hacked away at each other in an Army camp this month. The camp was Fort Meade, and the occasion was the first time that Shakespeare has hit a G.I. audience. The Bard went over big. Bucks from Boston and yardbirds from Ypsilanti cheered the Maurice Evans production; it took seven curtain calls to satisfy them.

Frankly an experiment, the performances of "Macbeth" were free, Evans footing the expenses of the three-night stand himself. During intermissions questionnaires were distributed to the audience. Did Private Rheum like the show? Did Private Stock want more Shakespeare? The answer to both questions was *yes*.

One Man's Meat . . .

The military man's reaction to the play varied with the military man himself. Some soldiers were frankly enthusiastic, others rather bewildered. All, however, were excited by what is probably the most compact and tense of Shakespeare's plays. It was the first legitimate production that some men had ever seen.

Maurice Evans and Judith Anderson, who must have felt that they were on the spot, acted beautifully; their voices carried to the farthest reaches of Fort Meade's Theater No. 4.

Our correspondent, himself a private, went around after the performance to get reactions to the play. He found that almost all the men he questioned wanted to see more Shakespeare, one sergeant saying that he hoped they'd try "Romeo and Juliet" next. Several claimed that they enjoyed "Macbeth" more than the run-of-the-mill musical shows that have been going around to the camps. Prize reaction was obtained from a rookie from Senaca Falls, New York. "I liked them dools," he said simply.

Evans hopes to be able to take "Macbeth" on an extended tour of Army camps in the fall.

At the present time there are three organizations in the States concentrating on short wave broadcasts to the A.E.F.: The Columbia Broadcasting System, the National Broadcasting Company, and the Coordinator of Information. Below you will find the stations affiliated with each outfit. In practically all cases all the stations in one organization carry all its programs.

Short wave being what it is, do not take the directional beams listed too seriously. A station beamed on Northern Europe for example may very well be picked up in Australia.

That's what the Signal Corps told us anyway.

CBS

WCBX—15270 KC—19.6 meters
Beamed on Europe
WCRC—11830 KC—25.3
Beamed on Europe
WCDA—11830 KC—25.3-and 17830 KC—16.9
Beamed on Latin America

NBC

WRCA—15150 KC—19.8-and 31.02
Beamed on Europe and Australia
WNBI—17780 KC—16.8-and 25.23
Beamed on Europe and Latin America
WBOS—15210 KC—19.72-and 25.26
Beamed on Europe and Latin America

COI

WRUL—11790 KC—25.4
Beamed on Far East
WRUW—9700 KC—30.9
Beamed on Far East
WRUS—6040 KC—49.6
Beamed on Far East
WJQ—10010 KC—30.0
Beamed on Australia
WBOS—15210 KC—19.72
Beamed on Europe
WCW—15850 KC—18.9
Beamed on South Africa
WCB—15580 KC—19.3
Beamed on Europe

Add Hardships of War

If your favorite program on the air from the States is cut off suddenly and your radio dummies up all over the band, blame it on the Axis.

When the Japs raided the Dutch Harbor Base off Alaska on June 3rd, all radios along the West Coast from Canada to Mexico were silent for eight hours as a precautionary measure. A second silence was ordered the following night by the Western Defense and Fourth Army Interceptor Fighting Command.

The reason is obvious: transmitters are silenced to prevent enemy planes, if any, from locating themselves and coming in on the beam.

It's Dinah Shore, she with the soft voice, and a bunch of soldiers. The soldiers are not exactly veterans. They have been at an Army Air Force Replacement Center for just three days now. Dinah is short-waved to the A.E.F. by NBC on its "Fashions in Jazz" program.

A. E. F. RADIO SCHEDULE*... *Indicates the program runs daily through the week*

MONDAY, JUNE 15th

*12:00 M .12:30 AM. Here's News From Home WRUL, WRUW, WRUS
3:00 AM. 3:30 AM. Here's News From Home KWID
* 6:30 AM. 7:00 AM. Here's News From Home WJQ
7:00 AM. 8:00 AM. Kate Smith Hour.....(CBS)
* 8:30 AM. 9:00 AM. Here's News From Home WJQ
9:00 AM. 10:00 AM. The Army Hour.....(NBC)
9:30 AM. 10:00 AM. Here's News From Home WDO
10:15 AM. 10:30 AM. Songs .....(NBC)
10:30 AM. 11:00 AM. Fashions in Jazz.....(NBC)
*12:30 PM. 1:00 PM. Here's News From Home WRUL, WRUW, WDO
* 1:00 PM. 1:15 PM. Esso Reporter .....(NBC)
1:15 PM. 1:45 PM. Wheeling Steelmakers (NBC)
* 1:45 PM. 2:15 PM. Here's News From Home WBOS
* 2:30 PM. 3:00 PM. Here's News From Home WBOS
* 3:00 PM. 3:30 PM. Here's News From Home WCB, WCW
*11:00 PM. 11:15 PM. American Hour News. (NBC)
*11:15 PM. 11:30 PM. Sports .....(NBC)
11:30 PM. 12:00 M. . Victory Parade .....(NBC)

TUESDAY, JUNE 16th

6:45 AM. 7:00 AM. Gene Autry .....(CBS)
7:00 AM. 7:45 AM. We the People .....(CBS)
9:00 AM. 9:30 AM. Service Serenade ...(NBC)
10:30 AM. 11:00 AM. Information Please ..(NBC)
11:00 AM. 11:30 AM. Truth or Consequences (NBC)
1:15 PM. 1:45 PM. Doctor I.Q. .....(NBC)

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17th

7:00 AM. 7:30 AM. Take It or Leave It...(CBS)
7:30 AM. 8:00 AM. The First Line.....(CBS)
9:00 AM. 9:30 AM. Service Serenade ....(NBC)
1:15 PM. 1:45 PM. Horace Heidt .....(NBC)

THURSDAY, JUNE 18th

7:00 AM. 8:00 AM. Lux Radio Theatre ...(CBS)
9:00 AM. 9:30 AM. Service Serenade ....(NBC)
10:00 AM. 10:30 AM. Famous Jury Trials ..(NBC)
10:30 AM. 11:00 AM. Kay Kyser .....(NBC)

FRIDAY, JUNE 19th

6:45 AM. 7:30 AM. Family Hour .....(CBS)
7:30 AM. 8:00 AM. Gay Nineties Revue..(CBS)
9:00 AM. 9:30 AM. Service Serenade ...(NBC)
10:00 AM. 10:30 AM. Army-Navy-Marine Band (NBC)
10:30 AM. 11:00 AM. Fashion in Jazz .....(NBC)

SATURDAY, JUNE 20th

6:45 AM. 7:00 AM. Sports Review .....(CBS)
7:00 AM. 8:00 AM. Cheers from The Camps (CBS)
9:00 AM. 9:15 AM. Service Serenade ...(NBC)
9:15 AM. 9:30 AM. Sports Program .....(NBC)
10:00 AM. 10:30 AM. Bob Hope .....(NBC)
10:30 AM. 11:00 AM. Schaefer Revue .....(NBC)
11:00 AM. 11:30 AM. Fanny Brice & Ralph Morgan (NBC)
11:30 AM. 12:00 Noon. The Aldrich Family. (NBC)
12:00 Noon. 12:30 PM. Ellery Queen Mysteries (NBC)
12:30 PM. 1:00 PM. Burns & Allen .....(NBC)
1:15 PM. 1:45 PM. Al Pearce & Gang ...(NBC)
11:15 PM. 11:30 PM. Dramas by Olmstead. (NBC)
11:30 PM. 12:00 M. . Basin Street .....(NBC)

SUNDAY, JUNE 21st

4:30 AM. 5:00 AM. Command Performance (KGEI)
9:00 AM. 9:15 AM. News .....(NBC)
9:15 AM. 9:30 AM. Bill Stern .....(NBC)
9:30 AM. 10:00 AM. Fitch Bandwagon ...(NBC)
10:00 AM. 10:30 AM. Command Performance (NBC)
10:30 AM. 11:00 AM. Fibber McGee & Molly (NBC)
11:00 AM. 11:30 AM. Command Performance (KGEI)
11:00 AM. 11:30 AM. National Barn Dance. (NBC)
11:30 AM. 12:00 Noon. Command Perform.. (CBS)
12:00 Noon. 1:00 PM. Kraft Music Hall ....(NBC)
1:15 PM. 1:45 PM. Johnnie Presents .....(NBC)
1:30 PM. 2:00 PM. Command Performance (WGEA)
9:15 PM. 9:45 PM. Command Performance (CBS)
11:15 PM. 11:45 PM. Command Performance (NBC)

All times listed are Eastern War Time. By consulting the time guide and employing a little elementary arithmetic, you can figure out when each broadcast will reach your base.

This is purely an experiment—noble or not. It's a picture of Maurice Evans, with a beard, and it's his experiment, not ours. Evans, a Shakespearean actor, wanted to determine whether American soldiers liked Shakespeare. Here's he shown at Ft. Meade, Md., at a debut performance. With him, Miss Judith Anderson.

Purged of soap-opera corn, singing advertising and amateur music from the hills, radio programs representing a million dollars worth of talent are being beamed by short wave to G.I.'s on foreign service around the world.

The War Department says its "Command Performance," all-star show aired Sunday nights, is heard all over. Letters from Surinam, Guatemala, Greenland, Iceland, the Canal Zone and other spots show the AEF is picking it up on all fronts.

Talent Terrific

With NBC contributing the bulk of the overseas shows at the moment, the concentration of available talent reads like a gold star edition of the Radio Guide annual: Dinah Shore, Jack Benny, Kay Kyser, Fibber McGee and Molly, Fred Allen, Henry Aldrich, Bob Hope, Phil Baker, Al Pearce, Burns and Allen, Bing Crosby, Fanny Brice, Bill Stern, Ted Husing and Grantland Rice, to name a few.

CLIP AND SAVE

TIME IN IMPORTANT AREAS OF THE WAR WORLD

When it is noon (Eastern War Time) in New York City:

Place	*Local STANDARD Time*
Aleutian Islands ..	5:00 AM
Hawaii	5:30
Alaska	5:00-7:00
Nome	5:00
Fairbanks	6:00
Juneau	7:00
Mexico	10:00
Guatemala	11:00
Panama	11:00
Jamaica	11:00
Cuba	11:00
Aruba (D.W.I.) ...	11:30
Nova Scotia	12:00 Noon
Puerto Rico	12:00
Bermuda	12:00
Trinidad	12:00
West Indies	12:00
Dutch Guiana ...	12:19:25 PM
Newfoundland ...	12:29
Brazil	1:00 PM
Greenland	1:00-2:00 PM
Iceland	3:00
West African Coast	3:00
England	4:00
Northern Ireland .	4:00
Egypt	6:00
Syria	6:00
Iraq	7:00
Lower Red Sea region	7:00
India (except Calcutta)	9:30
Calcutta, India ..	9:53:21 PM
Burma	10:30
Philippines	12:00 Midnight
Australia	12:00 Mid.-2:00 AM next day
Perth & West Australia ...	12:00 Midnight
Adelaide	1:30 AM next day
Darwin	1:30 AM next day
Sydney & Melbourne ..	2:00 AM next day
New Zealand	3:30 AM next day

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JANE RANDOLPH

You'll be seeing her overseas soon. She played bits in the movies until some smart director picked her for leading role in "Highways By Night." The film will reach the troops in the near future. Jane comes from Youngstown, Ohio; was a photog's model in New York before she migrated West. Five-foot-five, 125, likes the outdoors and is single.

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MOVIES OVER SEAS

(All pictures reviewed in this column are scheduled for distribution to overseas forces by the Special Services. This is designed as a brief preview of what's in the works.)

THE INVADERS (Columbia)

Eric Portman (a tough Nazi), Raymond Massie (a tougher Canadian private), Laurence Olivier (a French-Canadian trapper), Leslie Howard (a literary guy).

Six Nazi fugitives from a U-boat land in Hudson Bay and try to beat their way to freedom across Canada. It proves, but not heavily, that we don't think and live like Nazis.

KING'S ROW (Warner)

Robert Cummings (hero), Ann Sheridan (a nice Irish dish), Ronald Regan (a small-town playboy), Claude Rains (a wise old doctor), Charles Coburn (a sadistic old doctor), Betty Fields (wacky daughter of the wise old doctor).

This one is about the private lives and conflicts in a small American town in the early 1900's. Don't let that deceive you. Plenty goes on, both wholesome and unwholesome.

BROADWAY (Universal)

George Raft (tough), Pat O'Brien (rough), Janet Blair (m-m-m-m), with good support by Brod Crawford, Anne Gwynne and Marjorie Rambeau. The treatment is novel since it is a biography of Raft. He is seen in the first part of the picture as himself. The story then cuts back to the "roaring '20s" to deal with the stage hit, "Broadway."

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY (Warner Brothers)

James Cagney (Yankee), Joan Leslie (Dandy), Entire cast (good). "Yankee Doodle Dandy" tells the story of the life of George M. Cohan, and his theatrical triumphs on Broadway as a producer, writer, composer and star. It proves, without trying to, that this army needs a marching song.

MRS. MINIVER (M-G-M)

Greer Garson (a beautiful woman), Walter Pidgeon (a London husband in the Blitz). This is one of the war's best movies so far. It's the spirit of ordinary people under fire. Recommended for men who think all the fighting is done by soldiers.

MAISIE GETS HER MAN (M-G-M)

Ann Sothern (and you know what we mean), Red Skelton (funny), Allen Jenkins, Donald Meek, Leo Gorcey, Fritz Feld, Rags Ragland (all as crazy as you'd expect).

This is a typical Maisie yarn. There's an Army camp sequence at the end that's good for a laugh and is strangely accurate for Hollywood. The title tells the story.

THE SPOILERS (Universal)

Marlene Dietrich (herself), Randolph Scott (manly), John Wayne (equally manly).

This is blood-and-thunder stuff about the Yukon gold rush, features one of the nicest knock-down, drag-out fights ever screened. If you like action, if you like Dietrich, you'll cheer this.

TAKE A LETTER, DARLING (Paramount)

Rosalind Russell (lervley), Fred MacMurray (she thinks he's cute, too), Robert Benchley (the business man).

This is about a dame advertising executive who falls flat on her face in love with her male secretary. Light as the crust on mother's pies, but good entertainment.

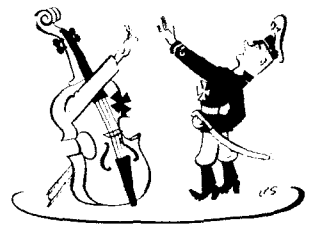
That Ain't Hay

The highest-paying audience in the history of any theater bought $5,500,000 worth of War Bonds to see the world premiere of "Yankee Doodle Dandy," motion picture story of the life of George M. Cohan, at the Hollywood Theater in New York. Prices ranged from bond purchases of $25 to purchases of $25,000 and the theater was filled to its 1,554 capacity.

This Indiana girl who is making good out Hollywood way is Anne Baxter. She was chosen by Orson Welles for a starring role in his forthcoming "The Magnificent Ambersons." She is only five feet, weighs 110.

Discord

Sweet music will not console the French, Adolf Hitler has learned. Der Fuehrer, a devotee of the Berlin Philharmonic, sent the orchestra to Nantes on the French coast to give a concert. The folks weren't interested. Fearful of humiliating their chief, storm troopers finally rounded up an audience. The orchestra played one piece and packed up its instruments. The audience response had been terrific—all boos.



Whether you're wooing a spirited colleen under an emerald moon in North Ireland, rhapsodizing a dusky queen under a wavy palm in Honolulu, crooning in your best bath-house manner to a lovely lady in Darwin, or merely making a pass at a babe near the Brooklyn Navy Yard, you're going to have the best in music to help you along.

That's the promise of RECORDS FOR OUR FIGHTING MEN, INC., a new non-profit organization composed of the world's top-flight musical artists, which is rushing plans to supply U. S. service men all over the globe with the tops in current recorded melody. It will supply not only the records but the machines on which to play them.

Kay Kyser, Lily Pons, Kate Smith, Benny Goodman, Gene Krupa and Richard Crooks are among those on the RFOFM roster.

A drive is under way by hundreds of volunteer workers to collect 10 per cent of the 200,000,000 used discs believed to be lying mute in American attics. The platters thus obtained will be sold to prominent recording companies whose experts will use the shellac to cut new ones, which will be sent to soldiers, sailors and marines wherever they are stationed, at home or abroad.

Best Sellers

FICTION

The Moon Is Down, by John Steinbeck (Viking)

And Now Tomorrow, by Rachel Field (Macmillan)

Islandia, by Austin Wright (Farrar & Rhinehart)

GENERAL

The Last Time I Saw Paris, by Elliot Paul (Random House)

Washington Is Like That, by W. M. Kiplinger (Harper)

Victory Through Air Power, by Alexander P. Seversky (Simon & Schuster)

PRIVATE PURKEY IN LOVE AND WAR

By H. I. Phillips

(Harper Brothers)

"Dear Harriet—Just a couple of lines to let you know I've found out I'm not in Ireland after all . . ."

Private Purkey has been in the Army for over a year, but he leads a life of utter confusion. His letters to his sweetheart, to his other girls, to his relatives are a chronicle of chaos. "All I know is that I am not on no transport because I still feel two good. And Sergeant Mooney is in fine health and as noisy as ever witch he wood not be if he was on the ocean."

Where women are concerned his lines are tangled. Between a movie starlet and a covey of home-town correspondents, he has a strategist's nightmare trying to keep communications open to his true love, Harriet. The offended sincerity of a soldier is echoed in "P.S. If the Army trusts me why can't you?"

There's fast, familiar reading here. Mr. Phillips can write a funny book about the Army without poaching on anybody's corn-field. This is it.

MECHANIZED MIGHT

By Maj. Paul C. Raborg

(Whittlesey House)

This will give you cold dope on the growth of motorized warfare, with special emphasis on the tank.

As a sample, did you know Winston Churchill was one of the fathers of the modern tank? As First Lord of the Admiralty in 1915, he authorized their construction by calling them "land battleships," a neat red-tapedodge. To keep the new weapon secret, the British referred to it in all communications as a "water carrier." This was soon shortened to "tank" and the name stuck.

"Didn't you tell me this hygiene movie was gonna be about bees and flowers?"

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SOLDIERS, SAILORS PLAY MAJOR LEAGUE ALL-STARS

CLEVELAND — Lieut. Gordon Cochrane, U.S.N. (you used to call him Mickey, pal, but salute him now), has been chosen to pilot a service men's all-star baseball team in combat with a picked major league team here July 7. Sports writers predict it will rival the seventh game in a World Series as a drawing card.

From 22 or more former big-leaguers in uniform, Lieut. Cochrane believes he can train a crack squad. He has plenty of material—pitchers who can let loose like a 75 mm., batters who have blasted veritable anti-aircraft barrages of baseballs in their day, and men like Hank Greenberg who can outreach a barrage balloon any day in the Army seven-day week.

The opposition — or the enemy, so to speak — will be chosen from both sides of two major league all-star teams which will play a twilight game in New York the preceding day.

Bob Feller Is One

To start with, Lieutenant Cochrane will have three of the brighter stars of the game: Bob Feller, Cleveland's ace who is now in the Navy; Hank Greenberg, the hard-hitting Detroit first baseman and outfielder; and Cecil Travis, Washington shortshop and runner-up last year for the American League batting championship. The latter two are Army.

For mound duties, Cochrane also has service men Johnny Rigney, the former White Sox hurler; Bill Posedel, formerly of the Braves; Porter Vaughan, of the Athletics; Hugh Mulcahy, of the Phils, and John Grodzicki, ex-Cardinal. Other talent includes:

Catchers—Ken Sylvestri (Yankees), Don Padgett (Cardinals) and Joe Grace (Browns). Grace also played the outfield, and Padgett has doubled in leather in the infield and the outfield as well.

Infielders—Henry (Cookie) Lavagetto, from the 49th state known as Brooklyn; Benny McCoy (Athletics); Johnny Sturm (Yankees); George Archie, Johny Lucadello and Johnny Beradino (Browns), and Al Brancato (Athletics).

Outfielders — Sam Chapman (Athletics); Buddy Lewis (Senators, Pat Mullin (Detroit), Carvel ('Bama) and Rowell (Braves).

Mickey hopes he can get his players off duty for a week's practice before the game, but he will throw his team together a few seconds before game time, if necessary.

Foxx in New Lair

Jimmy Foxx, veteran of 18 American League campaigns, made an inauspicious debut in the National League on June 4, following his sale by the Boston Red Sox to the Chicago Cubs. He lifted an easy pop-fly in a pinch-hitting role.

Foxx will take over first base from Glen Russell, who will be shifted to the Cub outfield.

Another veteran American Leaguer, Catcher Frank Hayes, changed an Athletic uniform for the flannels of the fast-stepping St. Louis Browns. Connie Mack got Catcher Bob Swift and Pitcher Bob Harris in exchange. First string maskman for the A's now is Hal Wagner, 27-year-old Duke alumnus.

14 Major Leaguers In Uniforms Soon

Fourteen major league baseball players soon may swap their club-owned flannels for G.I. khaki or Navy blue. Most of them have been classified 1A in the military draft.

An equal number are likely to be reclassified and made eligible for military service.

The pennant races this year may well be decided by the draft calls. The draft is close to Pee Wee Reese at Brooklyn, and to Enos Slaughter, St. Louis Cardinals' hard-hitting outfielder.

Yanks May Lose Henrich

The first division hopes of the Boston Red Sox revolve around Johnnie Pesky, the star rookie shortstop who may put on a khaki uniform. Even the star-studded New York Yankees would miss Tommy Henrich. The Reds may lose Ray Lammano, rookie catcher.

The Red Sox soon will be deprived of Ted Williams, the American League batting king, who has volunteered for Naval service.

Two Detroit players, Catcher George Tebbetts and Outfielder Barney McCosky are unmarried but currently in 3A because of dependents. Other Detroiters in 3A, but possibly subject to re-classification since they are married but have no children, are Pitcher Hal White, Infielder Murray Franklin and Outfielders Bob Patrick and Ned Harris.

Most of the other major leaguers are in 3A, but many of the young married players without children are likely to be re-classified to 1A.

Major leaguers now in 1A:

AMERICAN LEAGUE — Outfielder Tommy Henrich, New York; Shortstop Johnnie Pesky, Boston; Third Baseman Bob Kennedy and Pitcher John Rigney, Chicago, and Pitcher Newman Shirley, Philadelphia.

NATIONAL LEAGUE — Outfielder Willard Marshall and Infielder Babe Young, New York; Outfielder Enos Slaughter, St. Louis; Infielders Sebby Sisti and Lou Gremp and Pitchers Tom Early, Lou Tost and Art Johnson of Boston.

Horse racing, which has been called a laggard on Army-Navy Relief, took a deep breath last weekend at Belmont and announced that, after returns were in from the all-service Saturday show, racing's contributions to the war chest were crowding the half-million mark.

Huck Geary, Minneapolis shortstop is watched by the Giants. He's a hitter and they have him tagged as "another Rizzuto."

Johnny Mize of the Giants slides home as the ball takes its time getting to Catcher Livingston of the Phils. The New York boys defeated Philadelphia by a score of 3 to 2, continuing a winning streak that puts them high on the list for the Service game—if they can catch up.

PITCHING RECORDS

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	G.	IP.	H.	BB.	SO.	W.	L.	PC.
Bonham, N. Y.	8	71	45	7	20	8	0	1.000
Haynes, Chicago	10	26	18	10	7	5	0	1.000
Borowy, N. Y.	6	39	28	17	26	3	0	1.000
Bridges, Detroit	9	73	52	25	33	7	1	.875
Chandler, N. Y.	7	59	57	23	23	6	1	.857

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	G.	IP.	H.	BB.	SO.	W.	L.	PC.
French, Bklyn	11	37	24	11	16	4	0	1.000
Davis, Bklyn	9	70	54	22	18	8	1	.889
Wyatt, Bklyn	9	60	51	20	24	5	1	.833
Starr, Cincin.	11	93	71	34	41	7	2	.778
Tost, Boston	11	53	48	20	14	6	2	.750

LEADING BATTERS

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	PC.
Gordon, N Y.	43	164	24	64	.390
Doerr, Boston	40	161	19	59	.366
Dickey, N. Y.	28	100	10	36	.360
Spence, Wash.	48	201	31	69	.343
Fleming, Cleve.	49	177	29	60	.339

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	PC.
Phelps, Pitts.	31	83	10	31	.373
Reiser, Brooklyn	40	158	35	55	.348
Owen, Brooklyn	34	98	17	33	.337
Medwick, Brooklyn	44	161	20	53	.329
LaManno, Cincin.	34	110	13	36	.327

HOME RUNS

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Williams, Boston	15
York, Detroit	13
DiMaggio, New York	10

NATIONAL LEAGUE

F. McCormick, Cincinnati	9
Marshall, New York	8
Camilli, Brooklyn	8

SPORTS HERE AND THERE

Pinch hitters in Cincinnati seem to stick close to the formula of "Casey at the Bat." Of 31 men on the special slugging detail this year, only two have made safe hits. Only six even poked the ball out of the infield.

"Flash" Gordon of the Yanks is in a hitting streak that for early season form rivals the 59-game record of Joe DiMaggio. Gordon has already hit safely in 24 consecutive games.

The whole Yank club is whittling at records. It has boosted the home run total to 34, and its double-play tally for the year to date is a wholesome 69.

On the hole-in-one front at Lancaster, Pa., Bob Eicholtz saw his drive dribble into the cup, but he still had to score a three on his card. His first two drives were out of bounds and the lucky shot was a penalty repeat.

The Office of Defense Transportation has banned special trains to race tracks.

LEAGUE STANDINGS

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	New York	Cleveland	Detroit	Boston	St. Louis	Washington	Chicago	Philadelphia	Won	Lost	Percentage	Games behind
New York	—	2	5	4	2	9	8	6	36	12	.750	—
Detroit	2	—	3	6	6	3	6	4	30	26	.536	10
Boston	3	3	—	4	2	4	4	6	26	23	.531	10½
Cleveland	2	3	2	—	6	3	4	7	27	24	.529	10½
St. Louis	3	4	2	6	—	4	5	4	28	26	.519	11
Wash'ton	1	4	3	1	4	—	3	5	21	31	.404	17
Chicago	0	5	2	3	3	3	—	3	19	31	.380	18
Phila	1	5	6	0	3	5	1	—	21	35	.375	19
Games lost	12	26	23	24	26	31	31	35	—	—		

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Brooklyn	St. Louis	Boston	New York	Chicago	Cincinnati	Pittsburgh	Philadelphia	Won	Lost	Percentage	Games behind
Brooklyn	—	1	4	6	8	4	8	6	37	14	.725	—
St. Louis	3	—	5	7	4	3	5	2	29	20	.592	7
Cincin.	1	6	—	2	6	6	3	3	27	24	.529	10
New York	5	3	4	—	4	2	3	5	26	26	.500	11½
Boston	0	3	1	5	—	3	4	10	26	29	.473	13
Pittsb'gh	2	3	2	2	2	—	5	7	23	28	.451	14
Chicago	1	3	5	3	1	7	—	3	23	30	.434	15
Phila	2	1	3	1	4	3	2	—	16	36	.308	21½
Games lost	14	20	24	26	29	28	30	36	—	—		

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DUGOUT DIRT

by HEYWOOD HALE BROUN

FT. BRAGG—There's been considerable debate as to what part American sports should play in the war program. One group thinks organized sport should be abolished until Berlin and Tokyo are parade grounds for American soldiers. Another thinks sports should be expanded for the sake of national morale. In between is a majority which keeps on going to the games and the tracks without thinking much about the principle one way or another.

What the soldier thinks about it is a matter of conjecture, but one thing seems certain. When a soldier gets a chance to go to a ball game he goes, and if he doesn't have a chance to go he reads the score in the papers, and if he can't get the score he wonders about it and hopes that this, at last, is the pennant year for his pet club.

Baseball and boxing have earned praise in the press for their contributions to the Army Relief Fund. Mike Jacobs' fight shows have been quite unlike the old benefits where the beneficiary got "10 per cent off the top," which turned out in most cases to be like the top on beer, mostly foam.

Blue Monday Money

The little promoters have pitched in, too. Many a small fight club has stretched its shoestring to the limit to put on a good attraction for the army.

Major league baseball has been both good and bad. A few clubs have used blue Monday games against cellar opposition for the relief fund—and saved the creamy crucial battles for the Home for Retired Baseball Magnates.

The New York Giants and the Brooklyn Dodgers have made a bigger-than-usual gesture. Their struggles always draw large crowds anyway at the usual $1.10 a head, but Brooklyn, with its flair for the unusual, collected not only from the customers but also from the baseball writers, the players, the umpires and the getcha-redhots boys. Some persons bought tickets and did not attend the game.

War Comes First

However, it will take more than a willingness to contribute funds to keep professional sports on anything like a business-as-usual basis. An omen of the future is the banning of night baseball in coastal cities as part of the anti-submarine effort. Where sports interfere with the war, they're out.

Two important points should be made: First, the commander-in-chief has given baseball the green light. Second, untold numbers of those under him—in other words, we guys in uniform—follow everybody from the big leagues down to the bottom bushes. When these fans—and only these—decide that professional sports should close up shop for the duration, they ought to stop even if the Yankees and Dodgers are in the ninth inning of the seventh game of the World Series.

Racing has taken some heavy raps because it hasn't seemed as yet to have done as much for army and navy relief as some other sports, but it has promised a $2,000,000 contribution and may soon move into high gear on this promise.

Antidote to War Nerves

Racing is obviously not conditioning anybody for military service, but it relieves the strain of war nerves. This is proved by the attendance and betting records it's setting despite gasoline rationing and the fact that the fans don't have as many spare afternoons as they used to.

Nobody need fear that the military chiefs are going to let sports go to excess. The closing of Santa Anita racetrack, the banning of night baseball and the recent stern message to Belmont Park racetrack to fix up its air raid precautions or else, show that control will be exerted. It might be a good idea to leave that controlling up to the military instead of to those strange crusaders who always pop up when there's a chance to knock off a few amusements in the name of progress.

V-for-Victory Ball Fools Yanks' Foes

Ask the New York Yankees about "V for Victory" and they'll point out the first and second fingers on the steam-shovel right hand of Ernie Bonham. Those two fingers put the blitz on almost every enemy bat in the American League until the Cleveland Indians broke Bonham's eight-game winning streak June 7.

Bonham used his victory grip when the batter had him on the short end of the count. The slow twisting pitch, used instead of the curve, which Ernie admits was never much good, has fooled Ted Williams, Jimmy Foxx and many other American League sluggers.

LOUIS NEEDS BENEFIT BOUT—FOR SELF

NEW YORK—Cpl. Joe Louis Barrow, who has donated the proceeds of his recent fights to Army and Navy relief funds, would like to have another bout soon—this time for his own benefit. He needs the dough.

The Collector of Internal Revenue has been waiting for Joe to come around with $117,000 in 1941 income taxes. Joe went to see Joseph T. Higgins, the tax collector, but he didn't take the 117 grand.

Things are tough right now, Joe told Mr. Higgins. His farm is running at a loss and he is making only $54 a month from the army, which is a very small drop in a very large bucket. He didn't make a dime out of his last two fights, with Buddy Baer and Abe Simon, because he donated both purses, totaling $85,000, to Army and Navy relief.

Pay Up or Else

Mr. Higgins was sympathetic. He gave Joe until July 15 to pay up. The corporal is privileged to ask for an exemption on the tax payment until six months after his discharge from the Army, but he'd rather pay it now.

Joe would like to take on Pvt. Billy Conn in what would be the first intra-Army world's heavyweight championship bout in history. However, if the Pittsburgh Irishman's injured hand won't permit it, Louis is willing to risk his title against such civilian challengers as Bob Pastor, Melio Bettina or Lee Savold.

Legal difficulties also bother the champion. A Chicago attorney entered suit for $10,500 fees against Joe, an aftermath of Mrs. Louis' contemplated divorce action last year. Although Joe won the first round last week when a Federal judge ruled out the suit until after the war, he faces the legal action when he leaves the Army.

That Ain't True What They Say

The Axis rumor boys have been staying up nights thinking of clever stories about the Yanks. Here's one that came over the air from "neutral" Lisbon recently.

"Several American aviators, apparently seeking romance and excitement in a city somewhere in western China, entered a Chinese theater where they saw a beautiful dancing girl in a stage play. The so-called 'Flying Tigers' in cowboy fashion kidnaped the girl and went for a moonlight ride in a jeep, only to find that 'she' was a female impersonator."

Sam Parks, 1935 U.S. open golf king, was defeated in the Hale American qualifying rounds. Parks lost the play-off he needed to qualify after tying Ted Huge, pro from South Euclid, Ohio.

SPORTS SHORTS

Chief Petty Officer Sam Chapman, who patrolled the outer gardens for Connie Mack's Athletics until he enlisted in the Navy early this year, is taking a voluntary "bust" to seaman, second class, to get a crack at Navy flight training. Sam, who has been a physical instructor at the Norfolk, Va., naval base, will seek a commission in the Naval Reserve Air Corps when he reports later for training at a Washington aviation base.

Ring rumors say that Pvt. Barney Ross, now at the Marine Corps Barracks, San Diego, may get a crack at his old welterweight title now that Boatswain's Mate Red Cochrane, the present 145-pound king, has been transferred from Newport, R. I., to the West Coast. . . . Lew Elverson, Penn's "Destiny Backfield" ace and later grid coach at Swarthmore, is now with Lt. Comdr. Tom Hamilton's Naval Air Fitness group at Annapolis.

Coaching the Camp Edwards, Mass., baseball squad is Pvt. Hugh Mulcahy, the Phillies' mound ace who was the first big league player to trade his diamond flannels for O.D.'s. Mulcahy has an able assistant coach in Jumpin' Joe Dugan, former Yank third baseman, who was assigned to the job in a civilian status.

The Army bowed to the Navy in the recent National PGA golf tourney at Atlantic City when Sam Snead topped Cpl. Jim Turnesa of Fort Dix, two and one, in the final round. Sam has been sworn in but hasn't been called to duty in the Navy yet.

For the first time in history, the 1942 service classic between the Naval Academy and West Point will be broadcast under commercial sponsorship. The $100,000 paid by Standard Oil of N. J. for radio rights of the game in Municipal Stadium, Philadelphia, Nov. 28, will be split between the Army Emergency Fund and the Navy Relief Society.

Purdue's 1942 gridiron slate includes two games with service teams, the Camp Shelby, Miss., eleven and the Great Lakes Naval Training Station team.

Two Sports Carnivals Will Aid War Funds

NEW YORK—War relief funds will benefit in June from two big sports events, one an All-Sports Carnival to be held at the Polo Grounds June 14 and the other the American Athletic Union's 55th national outdoor track and field meet at Triborough Stadium June 19-20.

In the carnival, Cpl. Joe Louis Barrow and his sparring partner, George Nichols, will give a four-round exhibition; an all-star Army baseball team, with Bob Feller pitching, will play the Norfolk Naval Training Base; Craig Wood, national open golf champ, will compete in an accuracy driving test against the Army's three golfing corporals, Vic Ghezzi, Ed Oliver and Joe Turnesa; and on the tennis courts Don Budge and Alice Marble will be matched against Wayne Sabin and Frank Shields.

In the track meet, Greg Rice, Connie Warmerdam, Al Blozis and and Johnny Borican will defend their national track titles, and the New York Americans will meet the Brookhattans in soccer.

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THE ARMY NEWSPAPER

5¢ By the men for the men in the service

JUNE 17, 1942

VOL. I, NO. 1

War-Time Vacation Tip

Harley Archie Olson had a wonderful vacation. The 22-year-old ship's radio operator spent it fishing from an old settee he had rigged up. At the end of 29 days he was fat and tanned. He felt like a million bucks.

It was odd that Olson should look so well, because his "vacation" was spent on a raft. On April 19 his ship was torpedoed, and he spent nearly a month lolling contentedly on the bosoms of a surprisingly friendly sea.

The F.B.I. couldn't understand it. According to all information on the subject, Olson should have been dead, or at least a babbling wreck. The F.B.I. wanted to ask questions.

"Are you sure you weren't sent from a German submarine?"

"Aw, sure."

Olson explained what had happened. He put a lot of wreckage together and made a seaworthy raft. He even found an old settee which he pulled aboard. For 29 days he fishing and napped. His fishing tackle was a net made of bandages from a first-aid kit. "I caught all kinds of fish," he said. "All small ones, of course. Mackerels, herrings, and some peculiar varieties. Only thing is, I had to eat them raw."

"Did you think you'd be picked up?" the F.B.I. wanted to know.

"Aw, sure," said Olson. "I never was nervous. Gentle waves rocked me to sleep every night."

Another Name for Him

You've called the company bugler a lot of things in your time, but from now on in mixed company he's known as a "trumpeter."

That's official, and comes from the War Department Bureau of Public Relations. Puckered lips isn't all that qualifies a good trumpeter. He must also have one hell of a memory because the rules require him to know by heart 41 G.I. calls.

In addition to the one that gets us up in the morning, puckerlips — trumpeter to you—must know a good many fancy cadenzas. One is Overcoats, a notification that the formation to follow will be in overcoats, even if it's in Libya. Another is School Call, which trumpets you into classrooms for heavy brainwork. Another, that you ought to remember as well as the trumpeter, is Pay Day. That's followed by the call in hotlips known as "Roll the Bones" but that last one isn't in the manual.

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Full name and rank *A. S. N.*

A.P.O.

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Dear Sue

Please write. Your letters used to shine my days.
And all I want to hear is how you are.
Just what you do, and where you go, that's all.
And if I find your eyes in every star,
I still can't hear you tell me what they see.
Just let me know about yourself, that's all.

Sgt. Milton P. Coen
609th Engr. Bn.

Peel Away

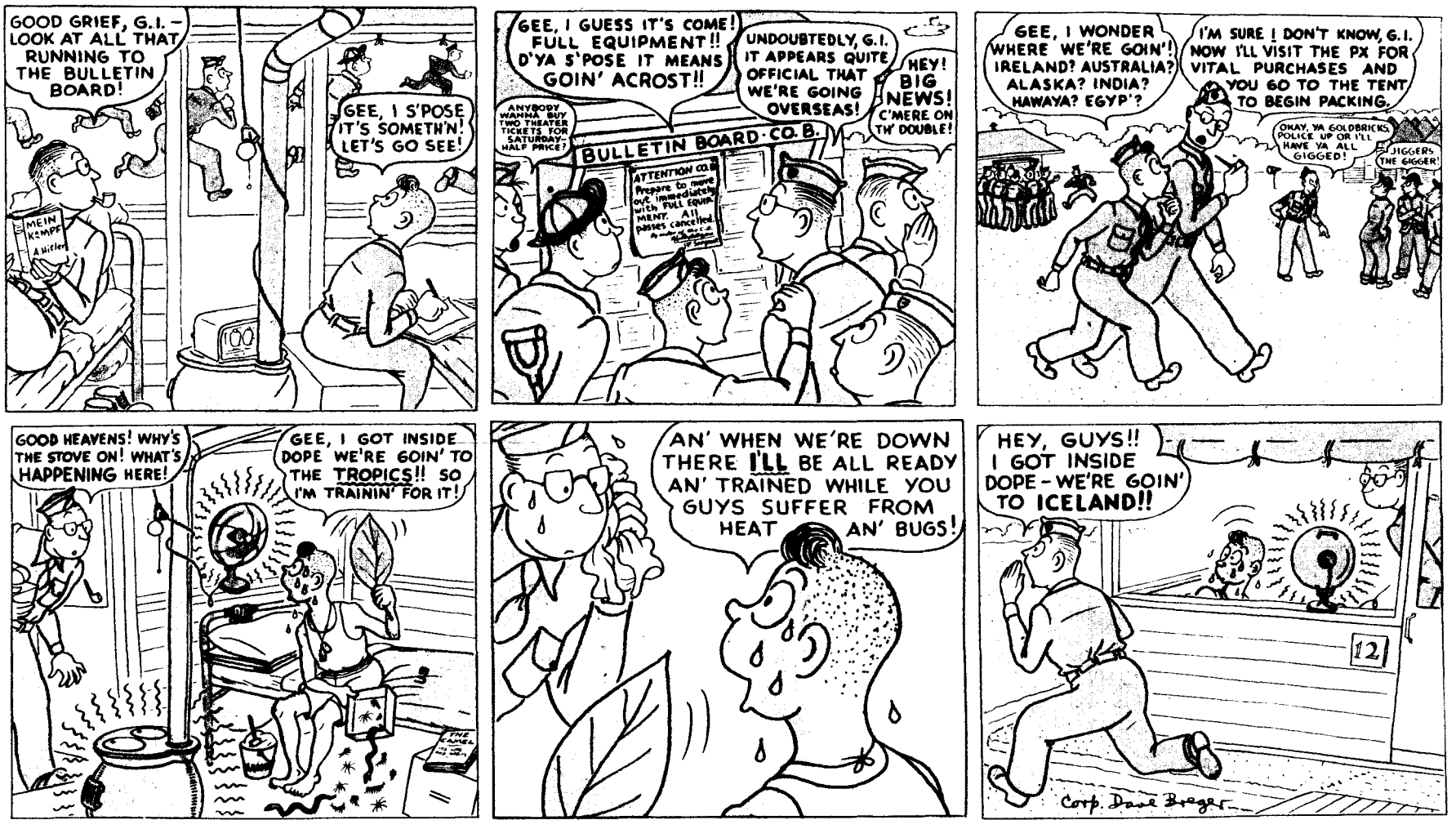
I'm on KP from dawn till eve,
Just apples and onions to make me grieve.
Peel away, peel away.
I think of the pies that ma could bake,
And I have to grieve for her dear sake.
Peel away, peel away.

Pfc. Ralph Lusby—M. P.

YANK wants your poetry, even if your best pal won't read it. Long or short, funny or serious, mail it to us from wherever you are and we'll print all we can. Just address YANK, 205 East 42nd St., New York City.

G. I. JOE

by Corp. Dave Breger



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